

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1880.

NO.

NEWS-NOTES.

—Twenty thousand men are on a strike in Pennsylvania.

—The president has confirmed the dismissal of Maj. Reno.

—Extraordinary cold weather in France has severely injured the grape vines.

—The Union passenger railway depot, corner of Thompson and Ash streets, Philadelphia, burned Wednesday.

—Gen. Melikoff, the present dictator of Russia, is a natural son of the Czar, his mother being an Armenian woman.

—Dennis Kearney was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000. Dennis appealed to the supreme court.

—Capt. Jas. B. Eads, of Mississippi jetty fame, has submitted a plan to the congressional committee of an inter-oceanic canal.

—The star route deficiency bill has finally passed. It appropriates \$1,250,000. The amendment prohibiting the increase of trips was rejected.

—A letter from John Sherman to M. L. Scudder, of Chicago, states that he is a candidate for the presidency and means to maintain it until the end.

—The House subcommittee, in the Washburne Donnelly case reports "that the contestant (Donnelly) had a majority of the legal votes cast and returned."

—It is stated that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, will soon be married to Miss Huntington, daughter of the Central Pacific potentate.

—The House subcommittee on claims have reported a bill favorably, awarding \$50,000 to satisfy Gen. Sutter's claim. He was the first discoverer of gold in California.

—The Washington Sunday Herald has hoisted the Presidential flag bearing the names of Gen. Hancock for president and Wm. R. Morrison, of Illinois, for vice president.

—Bret Harte, the "heavenly chinee" has been appointed consul of the United States at Glasgow, where he will endeavor to ring in five acts on the "Scots who have wif Wallace bled."

—Gen. John M. Palmer, of Illinois, has announced himself a candidate for the presidency on the Democratic ticket, and prefers Gen. Grant as an opponent to any of the others mentioned.

—Nearly three thousand immigrants landed at New York Tuesday and the day before from European steamers. The total arrivals for the month thus far are 12,700 against 6,015 for the entire month last year.

—The Argonaut says that "nearly all the well-to-do weddings in his life, that have occurred in San Francisco have proved unfortunate. The social beach is covered with domestic wrecks, and 'society' there is only thirty years old."

—It has transpired that the removal of the Alexandrian obelisk from Egypt to New York upon which is inscribed the ancient Masonic hieroglyphics, is paid for by Wm. H. Vanderbilt, who is to pay \$75,000 upon its successful completion.

—P. F. Benson and H. Hurget, proprietor and porter of the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland, Cal., have been arrested on the charge of arson. A large amount of valuables belonging to the guests, were stolen, and pillage seemed to be a part of the programme.

—Hon. Erastus Brooks, of New York, is engineering the bill to remove the duty on wood pulp, and says the rise of paper is entirely disproportionate with other commodities, and was due to a combination of western manufacturers. The removal of the duty would cause a reduction of at least two cents per pound.

—A commission has been appointed to invite architects to submit plans for a new observatory. The building is to be put upon an even longitude west of Greenwich, to avoid fractions in the calculations of the observatory. It is a much needed improvement and will receive the commendation of scholars the world over.

—Assistant secretary of the treasury Hawley, has resigned in order to take an active part in his candidacy for governor of Illinois. He is succeeded by the civil service promotion of Mr. J. K. Upson, who has risen from a \$1,200 clerkship in the sixth auditor's office to chief of division of public monies, chief clerk of the department and assistant secretary successively.

—Tom Scott draws a yearly salary of \$100,000 from seven different roads. The Pennsylvania Central alone pays him \$24,000. H. J. Jewett, president of the Erie, is paid \$40,000 per annum, while John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio receives a nominal salary of \$4,000 and presides over as finely a managed road as there is in the United States, the stock of which is not in the market. They own a continuous road from Baltimore to Chicago.

—Associate Justice Ward Hunt, of the U. S. Supreme Court, signified his intention of resigning on account of physical disabilities, and Senator Edmund, of Vermont, was assured that the position was at his disposal. Senator Conkling, who secured the appointment of Judge Hunt, induced him to defer his resignation, as he had no influence with the Hayes administration, and wanted to give the place to some one of his friends. When he is President perhaps.

—The select House committee on the Inter-oceanic Canal, unanimously agreed to report resolutions strongly reaffirming the Monroe doctrine, and declaring that the United States must have the possession, direction, and control of any canal across the Isthmus, and requesting the President to take steps to abrogate any treaties which are in conflict with these principles. Count DeLesclapies has evidently determined to submit to the inevitable, and make the best of it. He had a long talk with the President, and assured him that there was no intention of having a canal built in antagonism to the Monroe doctrine, that it was not contemplated to have the canal under foreign control, or under any circumstances interfere with the interests of the United States; and that he (De Lesclapies) would the majority of the canal stock taken in this country. The President received DeLesclapies cordially, but was entirely non-committal except that he did not intend to build a canal.

VOICE OF THE WIRES

THE WORLD SHOWN UP BY SPECIALS TO THE TRIBUNE.

The Interior Department and Sitting Bull—Grant Having a Gay Time in Texas—The Condition of the River Above.

(Special dispatches to The Tribune.)

BULL'S BRAVES AT PECK.
WASHINGTON, March 25.—The interior department learns that a large number of Sitting Bull's band have appeared at Ft. Peck for rations, offering to surrender their arms and ponies. The secretary says their surrender must be made at a military post. He believes the Utes engaged in the Meeker massacre will be brought in at once. Mrs. Meeker has identified one of Jack's prisoners as one friendly to them during their captivity. Secretary Ramsey says the government can only receive Sitting Bull's people as prisoners of war, to be held until the government provides for their maintenance. Gen. Sherman regards them as British subjects.

GEN. GRANT'S BANQUET.

GALVESTON, March 25.—Gen. Grant at last night's banquet answering a flattering toast to himself, thanked them for his cordial reception. He referred to his visit as lieutenant here more than a third of a century ago, complimented the state on its vast dominions, and wished for them and the entire South that they might go on developing their resources, and in their prosperity forget that there is a boundary between the North and South. [Prolonged cheers.] He was sure we would all be happier and much more prosperous when the day comes that there will be no sectional feeling.

OBTAINING THE RIGHT.

CINCINNATI, March 25.—The court last evening reconsidered its refusal to allow the Western Union company to erect poles and string wire to Music Hall. There will be no further question respecting the holding of the Democratic national convention here.

KENTUCKY FOR GRANT.

LOUISVILLE, March 25.—The Republicans held conventions in fifty-five counties of this state, of which thirty have instructed for Grant, three for Sherman, and one for Blaine.

IT OUGHT TO PASS.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—Senator Edmunds, yesterday presented to the senate a petition signed by a large number of citizens of Washington, asking that the crime of rape, committed within the District of Columbia, be made punishable by execution.

TEARS FOR GRANT.

GALVESTON, Texas, March 25.—The steamer City of Mexico, which was overdue and caused so much alarm for the safety of Gen. Grant and family, arrived safely on the 23d. A severe storm extended over the Gulf.

DIX' DILEMMA.

BALTIMORE, March 25.—Eugene Fairfax Williamson was arrested yesterday, charged with being the originator of the persecution of Rev. J. Morgan Dix and others in New York, by writing anonymous letters to them and sending persons to their house and places of business. Williamson confesses his guilt.

THE RIVER.

FORT STEVENSON, March 26.—More water on ice and holes increasing in size.

AT KEOGH.

FORT KEOGH, March 26.—The river nearly clear of ice.

AT BUFORD.

FORT BUFORD, March 27.—River appears to be slowly falling.

DEATH'S DOOR.

It Opens for Frank Keating, a former Resident of this City.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

LEADVILLE, Col., March 20.—Frank Keating died suddenly yesterday of heart disease.

Mr. Keating was well known in this city and along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. He intended to have returned to this city and start in business again this spring, his large ice house having been filled with ice for summer consumption. The firm had built up a large trade at Leadville, and the death of Mr. Keating will not only be a severe shock to his friends but a hard blow to his partner, Mr. Hallett.

Bismarck Ahead, of Course.

Mr. David Stewart, secretary of the Bismarck Pioneer Fire company, received this morning the Articles of Incorporation of the company. This is the first Fire Company incorporated in the territory under the laws of Dakota, and the boys are justly proud.

The Storm.

The country is free from snow west of the divide between Jamestown and Bismarck clear to the Black Hills, and several Bismarck farmers are sowing wheat.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

Their Glorious Peals Inspire the Residence of Col. E. M. Brown.

A brilliant assemblage gathered at the residence of Col. and Mrs. E. M. Brown, No. 44 N. Third street, Saturday evening, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Miss Loo Loo, to Mr. Andrew T. Sherwood. The impressive and beautiful ceremony of the Presbyterian church was performed by the Rev. W. C. Stevens in the presence of the relatives and immediate friends of the family. The bride was attended by Miss Jessie Macnider, who was dressed in a rich brown silk cut in train with trimmings of blue satin and lace. Miss Mary Falconer, in an elegant black silk evening costume with satin and Bretonne trimmings. Miss Nellie McDonald, the third bridesmaid, was superbly attired in navy blue satin and cashmere, with light blue satin and Bretonne lace trimmings. Her queenly figure was the cynosure of all eyes. The groomsmen being Messrs. Frank Brown, brother of the bride, Bushby and Bigelow. The bride, a charming and petite blonde, an accomplished young lady and society favorite, was attired in an exquisite costume of cell blue silk and satin, tastily trimmed with lilies of the valley, and looked indeed beautiful. The groom, Mr. Sherwood, is a highly respected young gentleman, popular and genial, and a resident of Washington, D. C. For the past eighteen months he has been the manager of the chief office of the northwestern division U. S. military telegraph in this city where he has made hosts of friends through his gentlemanly deportment and affable manner and winning for himself a *bijou* of a wife who will smooth the rugged pathway of life for him, and lend sunshine to the shadows that he may encounter. The reception followed at eight o'clock, keeping the young couple busy in receiving the congratulations of their very many friends and bringing together a larger number of Bismarck society people than has ever gathered on any similar occasions. Col. and Mrs. Brown aided in receiving with their usual grace and ease.

The large number of elegant presents, consisting of various silver sets, toilet designs, parlor ornaments, bric-a-brac and other articles of *verve*, covered two tables in the drawing room, sufficient to beautify a household and hold in remembrance for a lifetime the happy occasion.

A bountiful collation was served during the evening, and a merrier throng of animated beauty, sparkling with wit and good nature, it has not been THE TRIBUNE reporter's fortune to meet since his advent in Bismarck.

A Pleasant Sociable.

The Presbyterian sociable was held at the Sheridan House last evening. Mrs. Dr. Porter entertained the audience with some excellent music on the piano, and a lively vein of conversation was kept up during the entire evening. Among the persons present were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lounsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Stewart, Mrs. John A. Stovell, Mrs. J. B. Shaw, Mrs. John A. Stovell, Mrs. J. B. Bailey, Mrs. F. J. Call, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. H. G. Coyle, Mr. and Mrs. D. Wakeman, Mrs. Barclay and daughter, and a liberal sprinkling of young people. The lunch was very nice, indeed, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, cake and ice cream. Mrs. E. H. Bly, it was voted by all, is a royal entertainer.

As Others See Us.

(Black Hills Journal.)

The Northern Pacific trains have been blocked over two weeks at Fargo; but the fact should not be received as a disparagement of Northern Pacific railroad interests. This is the first winter such difficulty has been experienced in operating the road, and there is no doubt means can and will be devised by its management to prevent a recurrence in the future. Though now in a measure Northern Pacific railroad interests, so far as this section of the country is concerned, antagonize Union Pacific interests, this will not be a permanent condition. Both co-operate in building up the vast interests of the new northwest, and each will soon have all the business it can attend to. They are twin giants in aiding us in the development of our material interests.

Atmospheric Peculiarities.

An unusual atmospheric phenomenon was noticed Monday about 5 p. m., consisting of brilliant sun dogs on each side of the sun on a line drawn parallel to it and the horizon, while above the sun was a crescent describing an arc of about 30° with all the colors of the rainbow. Two other crescents similar to the first, and each side of it were yet higher up in the heavens. The outer rims of the crescents turned toward each other showing three distinct arcs.

Won at Last.

That was a long fight had by McLean and associates in relation to the Yellowstone contract of 1876. The government refused to pay for wood put in by the contractors because it was a physical impossibility to put in a certain amount of hay included in the same contract. McLean fought it through the court of claims and finally through the supreme court of the United States, winning at last the sum of \$51,000. That is the kind of stuff Bismarck contractors are made of.

Petter's Clay.

Specimens of clay from the extension have been sent to New York. The clay is

THE NEW BISHOP.

He Will Most Likely Make Bismarck His Home.

Bishop Marti, recently consecrated as Bishop of Dakota, is expected to arrive in Bismarck about the 7th of April. He will visit Bishop Seidenbush at St. Cloud, and spend a few days at St. John's college, after which he will proceed to Bismarck, where it is hoped he will make a permanent residence. Since Father Martin's promotion to the Bishopric, the Yanktonites, a tribe in southern Dakota, have made strenuous efforts to secure the residence of the Bishop in their country, and cite as an argument the recent snow blockade, and the severity of the climate in the Golden Northwest. If the Yanktonites have no inducements to offer further than a contrast between the two sections on the argument above put forth by them, but little doubt remains as to his permanent residence in this city. Bismarck is given in the official directory of the church for 1880 as the address of Father Martin.

The Ivy Club.

The eleventh twining of the Ivys was held at the residence of Mr. A. Cameron, two miles from the city, and the occasion will be long remembered by those present. Dr. Bentley entertained the company with a choice reading, and the dialogue by Misses Emma Bentley, Lizzie Sweet, and Mr. Pye was very interesting. The disciples of terschore were especially pleased, and tripped the light fantastic until early morn. An elegant spread concluded the entertainment, and the company departed, "too full for utterance." Among those present were noticed Messrs. Cameron, Falconer, Bird, Curtis, McDonald, the Misses Sweet, the Misses Bentley, Dr. and Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Pye, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Misses Reed, Mason, Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Stripe, Mrs. Linn and Messrs. Pye, Bragg, Bird, Westfall, McDonald, Mason, Macnider, Eisenberg and the Messrs. Falconer. The next meeting will be at Dr. Bentley's, Tuesday evening, to which the substantial shadows of the club are invited to join in the "phantom" exercises, so bring your sheet and pillow case.

Business Demands It.

Special Agent Childs, of the postoffice department, will arrive at Bismarck in a few days to select a building for the post-office for the next four years, the increasing business of the city having compelled the enlargement of the present office and the selection of another building. The building selected must be fitted with boxes and all furniture necessary for use of the office at the expense of the person owning the building. It must be centrally located, and a large number of boxes will be required in addition to those now in the office. Any further information desired will be cheerfully given by the postmaster.

Booming Business.

Now, that the Northern Pacific is open again, business is beginning to increase. Seven freight trains arrived yesterday and last night, and two passenger or accommodation trains. The side tracks this morning were all filled with the freight cars bound for the front. Next Monday the regular passenger trains will commence running.

Left for the Front.

Geo. Wilson left for the front Thursday morning with sixty-five teams for hauling freight for the extension from the end of the track. G. G. McLean goes as wagon master. P. H. Seims & Co. have a contract for freighting for the engineers and hauling supplies for the extension for one year, and Wilson will manage the business.

Wisconsin Soldiers.

Send to D. N. Kasson, Secretary of the Executive Committee, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for full information concerning the grand re-union June 7th. Furnished free. Give name, regiment and company.

Summer Rates.

On and after April 10th the new summer tariff on the Northern Pacific takes effect. The rates will be from St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth to Bismarck, will be \$1 per 100 lbs, in car loads eighty cents per 100 pounds.

River Rifles.

Capt. D. W. Maratta is on his way to this city.

The Key West is having a new shaft put in at Yankton.

Capt. Grant Marsh, of the Batchelor, will arrive on the next train.

Capt. Maratta has the Sherman cut loose, and is ready for the break-up.

Capt. Wolfalk, of the N. P. transfer considers his boat O. K. and ready for the bust.

Capt. Andy Johnson, of the Butte, arrived this morning. Like geese the boys all return in the spring.

Dr. Rogers, the well-known steamboat man, arrived this morning. Also the engineers of the Eclipse and Batchelor.

The Yankton Herald says Capt. D. W. Maratta is prominently spoken of as Democratic candidate for delegate from Dakota.

The McLeod is being raised gradually, and if the river will hold its ice mantle steady for three days longer the boat will be successfully launched.

The Marine Journal says that nearly two million dollars annually are lost to steamboats on inland rivers because they do not weigh the freight under-marked on bills of lading.

PURITY OF POLITICS

URGED AS THE WATCHWORD OF THE REPUBLICANS.

The Republican Convention Adopts the Ticket Nominated by the Democrats—The Committee of Five Again Brought to the Rescue.

PLAYFUL POLITICS.

Another of those city conventions which have added renown to the political history of Bismarck was held last evening at City Hall, a place that if its walls could talk, a hundred years from now could reveal scenes which would at least amuse the oldest inhabitant. A call signed "by order of the republican committee" was sufficiently advertised to bring out about 100 citizens of all sizes, and color with a profuse sprinkling of those of the democratic persuasion. Col. Wm. Thompson called the meeting to order and nominated for president Maj. J. E. Walker, whose nomination was sustained. On motion of David Stewart M. H. Jewell was chosen secretary and

BUSINESS BEGAN.

In taking the chair Major Walker thanked the assemblage for the honor conferred upon him, and said he would, with the pleasure of the convention, do all in his power to conduct the proceedings in such a way as to secure that innate harmony which ought to characterize republican gatherings. He stated the object of the meeting—to be the nomination of a city ticket and expressed the hope that trustworthy and efficient officers—men who would reflect credit upon the city as well as upon the party, would be nominated. Mr. Stoyell endorsed the views of the chairman, adding that purity of purpose should be the watchword of the republicans of to-day and moved the appointment of a committee of five by the chair to report to the action of the convention. To this motion Captain Mantor and a few others objected and a division of the house was called. This resulted as have all previous moves of this kind in the appointment of a

"COMMITTEE OF FIVE"

which consisted of L. N. Griffin, John A. Stoyell, Joe Pennell, Wm. A. Messerve and Rev. J. M. Bull. The latter gentleman at first objected to his nomination, but Stoyell remarked, "We are all Methodists," whereupon the colonel retired with the remainder of the committee. Jos. Pennell and Col. Bull were appointed a sub-committee to wait upon several prominent people to ascertain if they would consent to the use of their names at the head of the ticket. Geo. H. Fairchild, John A. McLean and other well-known gentlemen were approached but none would consent, whereupon the committee agreed upon the ticket nominated at the democratic caucus, as follows: For mayor, Geo. Peoples; city clerk, Con Malloy; city justice, Geo. H. Glass, city marshal, John Waldron; treasurer, J. D. Wakeman; aldermen, First ward, M. J. Halloran, Louis Westhauser; Second ward, J. G. Malloy, P. W. Comeford; Third ward, Wm. Messerve, Gus Thornwald. Mr. Stoyell reported to the convention

THE ACTION OF THE COMMITTEE.

when it was moved by W. B. Bell that the report be adopted. At this juncture Capt. Mantor arose to a point of order, stating that as he understood it the call was for a republican convention and this committee had brought in a ticket composed of well-known democrats but the chair ruled the point of order not well taken, whereupon the ticket was adopted by a large majority.

David Stewart has announced himself as an Independent Candidate for City Justice, and another "Committee of Five" it is reported, has agreed upon the following

INDEPENDENT CITIZENS TICKET.

Mayor, Justus Bragg; aldermen 1st ward S. F. Lambert and Fred Stauss; 2nd ward John Whalen and Martin L. Marsh; 3rd ward, Asa Fisher and W. A. Messerve; City Justice, David Stewart; City Clerk, H. G. Coyle; City Treasurer, J. H. Marshall; City Marshal, Michael McLean.

Shoulder Straps.

Lieut. Bell left for St. Paul Saturday on business connected with the Q. M. Dept. Lieut. Swift, of the 5th Cavalry, will marry Miss Susan Palmer, daughter of General Palmer, the 15th of May.

Veterinary Surgeon Goings, of the 7th Cavalry, will return by next steamer from Ireland, whither he has been on a pleasure trip. Paymaster W. M. Maynard arrived Saturday and started at once for Fort Meade after paying that post he will go to Lincoln, Yates and Stevenson.

Lieut. G. B. Walker was ordered, A. G. O., March 2nd, to rejoin his proper station, having complied with P. O. 23, current series, from Idagurs, Ft. Buford, D. T.

Lieut. W. E. P. French, 2d Infantry, was married in Washington Wednesday, March 2d, to Miss Marion Ogilvie. Mr. and Mrs. French left the next day for Fort Ellis, Montana.

Private advices state that Miss Getty, daughter of Gen. Getty, commanding officer at Fortress Monroe, will be married to Mr. Page, a promising young lawyer of N. Y., sometime this spring.

Lieut. Philip Reade, of the 7th Infantry, acting signal officer, has written a very comprehensive letter to the Leavenworth Press on electric photography. Lieut. Reade is a brilliant young officer, a nephew of Ben Bayler, and as popular as he is fine looking.

Confirmations.—Lieut. Col. E. S. Otis, as colonel 20th infantry; Maj. A. J. Dallas as

PURELY PERSONAL

Joe Leighton went through the city.

E. L. Strauss and wife returned from their trip east Tuesday.

Col. Sweet's family will go to the city in three weeks.

Col. Geo. W. Sweet is sojourning in St. Paul.

Jas. A. Hood, the "mute" traveler, is at the Saeridan.

Rod Sherwin, the genial comedian, is at the Sheridan.

Lieut. Jacobs and family returned from their trip east Tuesday.

Col. Otis, of Fort Lincoln, arrived Tuesday for a short visit.

Wm. Harmon, post trader at Fort Lincoln, went east Wednesday.

Lieut. Ingalls went east Sunday. He will return in about three weeks.

Louis Heckler, who went to the city with the Vincent combination, has returned.

D. A. Corey, the baking powder king, was a passenger on Tuesday's Denver.

Lieut. Barry, of Standing Rock, returned Saturday from an extended tour.

Lieut. Fuller and bride, nee Mink, will arrive at this city shortly on Friday.

Lieut. Carlin, nephew of Gen. C. of the 17th Infantry, spent a few days in this week.

Mr. F. J. Call, who went to Chicago on behalf of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, will be early next week.

Howard Winston, of Richmond, arrived this morning on his way to his brothers Sut. and Tom.

Joe Hoffman, a prominent druggist at Duluth, arrived this morning on his way to the city, where he will open a store.

Geo. P. Flannery and B. C. Ask returned from Fargo Thursday, whether they have settled up the account of the Eclipse.

Dr. Cunningham, of Fort Stevens, arrived from the east this morning. He was attending the last sad rite of a soldier.

Lieut. Rogers, of Standing Rock, and his new wife nee Browning, went east Saturday. Mrs. Rogers hopes to improve her health by travel.

John A. McLean leaves for St. Paul tomorrow to close up his account with the government on account of the Yellowstone contract of 1876.

THE TRIBUNE thought J. A. McLean seemed unusually happy. His family arrived from Maine, and the Maine settlement is continued to that extent.

Mr. L. N. Griffin's father, who has been visiting Bismarck during the past winter, left Wednesday morning for his home at Lawrence county, N. Y.

Capt. Wright, of the N. P. office, returned Saturday, crippled considerably by rheumatism. He has had a hard time and is now gaining slowly.

R. H. Lee, of the firm of Newport & Lee, contractors at Green River on the extension, arrived in this city this week. He will remain until more material arrives.

J. M. Carnahan and Frank Moore went to the Bad Lands last week. Carnahan says he will stay out there a month but his friends in this city think it very doubtful.

Barry Thurston, chief clerk at McLean & Macnider's, was a passenger on Saturday train. He goes to Sioux City and probably will visit Chicago before he returns.

Mr. Sheehan, of Fargo, general agent of the McCormack harvesting machine company, was in the city this week, in the interest of his firm, which is one of the largest in the country.

E. H. Bly, of the Sheridan House, and family have returned after a few weeks' absence. Blanner, Crookston, Minneapolis, and other cities where Mr. Bly has large business interests.

Henry Blakely, of the Northwestern stage company, is again at his post in this city. It was said of Henry that he would not come back alone but such reports prove to have been unfounded.

W. E. Campbell, representing the extensive St. Paul dry goods house of Adams, Finch, Culbertson & Co., is in the city. His firm was recently ousted out but he is not yet back again.

Mr. Morgan, the card manipulator, accompanied by C. Perkins, who is said to be Tom Sawyer for the ring, arrived this week. It is rumored that Mr. Perkins will open a room in this city.

Mrs. D. A. Clousen, has arrived from St. Paul, and will here after reside with her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Bell. Her son, B. W. Bell, has accepted a position as salesman with B. Watson, and has already gained many orders.

Thos. Doane, consulting engineer of the Northern Pacific, came up this week. Mr. A. Anderson, the efficient chief of the road, Mr. Doane went back to the extension will be pushed this week.

Burt Rodman brother of Mr. Rodman, ordnance officer at Ft. Lincoln, the late Admiral of the navy, who has been at the post for some time, went away today. Admiral Rodman on one time the ironclads and was the inventor of the best guns in the service.

D. M. Kellaher of Jamestown, this city, reports great and rapid growth at Jamestown. Hager Brothers, of Maryland, are erecting a splendid hotel which will cost several thousand dollars. They have purchased all of the lots owned by the road company and have determined to make extensive improvements.

F. J. Haynes, the pioneer of the northwest, came up with Sargent to take views of the line. He took one instantly.

To one he brought the rarest flowers
That gold could buy.
And gave them with a courteous smile
That masked a sigh.

Upon the other he bestowed,
With scarce a look,
A few wild violets, gathered by
A way-side brook.

When from the skies, that golden day,
Went out the sun,
Of all the flowers the first received
Remained not one!

Some lured the swans, some gaily traced
The fawn she petted.
Some decked her starling's cage; all died,
Not one regretted.

The other, shyly from the world
Turned her apart,
And hid her way-side violets
Upon her heart.

And he who gave to each that day
Such different share,
By one was scorned; the other breathed
His name in prayer.

TWO VALENTINES.

Will Aldis turned his horse's head into the long avenue, bordered by leafless trees, that led to Helen Bray's. Other people would have said, "that led to Mr. Bray's," but "other people" had not the same regard for Helen that he had, which made all the difference in the world.

It was toward evening. A soft sky still relieved the delicate branches of the elms; but the lights in the west room made evening in the house, and cheered the young man as his horse stepped carefully over the slippery ground.

He knew just how Helen would welcome him in the little sitting-room with the open fire, and make him sit in her father's chair, and give him a pretty hand-screen, and sit down before him, shielding her own eyes with a blue fan; and how after she had asked for his mother and sister, a delightful silence would fall upon them, and—the horse was at the door.

Mr. Bray had seen the young man coming, and hastened out with a welcome.

"I am glad to see you," he said. "I feared I was in for a lonely evening but now we will have a game of chess, Helen's gone to Springfield for a week."

Dear me! How different Mr. Bray was from Helen! He did not stand by the young man while he took off his coat, nor did he give him the large easy chair. In fact, the old gentleman seated himself in the easy-chair, and helped himself to the hand screen, regardless whether Will Aldis' eyes were burnt out or not.

In the dining-room, Margaret poured the tea at a side-table for the gentlemen, both of whom missed Helen, though in different ways.

Mr. Bray remarked that he wished he had some of Helen's potato-biscuits. Will would have thought cold potatoes the lightest of biscuits had Helen only been smiling at him from behind the shining silver—he would gladly have gone hungry to have heard her sweet voice. Still, as starving himself would not bring her back from Springfield, he managed to eat a very good supper.

After the usual talk on business and politics, the two settled down to chess, and passed a very pleasant evening. Every Tuesday evening for some time, Will Aldis had ridden over from the next village to visit Helen Bray. When she received her friend's invitation, she had put off her journey for a day, to see him on Tuesday; and, after all, he had not come.

This very Wednesday evening, he had meant to tell her all that was in his heart. But now she was gone. He, however, cheered himself with the thought that weeks almost always have ends as well as beginnings.

Will was going the following night to Boston, it occurred to him, as he went dreamily about his business the next afternoon, that he might drop a letter at Springfield as he went through. Oh, happy thought! If Helen would only answer it, and let him stop at Springfield and bring her back.

The train passed through Springfield about midnight; and our friend "with the arrow in his heart," as the poets say, took two letters from his pocket, posted one, he had written on a business matter, gave the other to the conductor with a generous fee, and so clearly and repeatedly impressed him with the fact that it was an important letter, and must reach the house very early in the morning, and that it must not be forgotten, that the conductor was glad to get it off his hands and mind.

As soon as the conductor reached the depot, he, in turn, impressed a lank fellow who was always hanging about there, with its importance, and gave him part of the fee to deliver it.

"Somebody's dead, I guess, or is dying, or has had money left them, or something," said the conductor; "so you see that that letter's delivered on time, night express, lightning train—do you hear?"

"Yas," replied the lank man, "I'll see to it."

Helen Bray was sleeping sweetly in the pretty blue guest-chamber. Her friend, Mary Williams, was in the next room. A furious pull at the bell awakened her. It rang again and again. Mr. Williams hurried down, opened the door and asked, "What's the matter?"—a telegram! as something white was thrust into his hand through the crack.

"Dunno. Somebody dead or dyin'," the conductor said.

The letter was addressed to Helen Bray. He carried it to his wife, and she took it to Mary's room.

"I wouldn't dare to wake her," said Mary. "There may be some trouble at home, and she may have to take the early train. It is nearly one now."

Helen was startled by seeing Mrs. Williams and Mary standing by her bed, one holding a candle and the other a letter.

"Read it quickly, my dear, and see if anybody is ill," said Mrs. Williams.

Helen tore open the envelope. She knew the writing even in the dim candle-light. It read as follows:

"DEAR SIR: I have made the inquiries you desired me to make, and find that the firm does not stand well. Their paper is selling very low. Wellman says he will not put anything in there, and that if he had any there, should get it out as soon as possible."

"Very respectfully yours,"

"WILLIAM ALDIS."

Helen looked about her in surprise.

"Is it a valentine?" asked Mary.

"What is the matter? Do tell me!" cried Mrs. Williams, shivering in her nightgown.

"Is your father ill?" asked the crack in the door, in a deep man's voice.

Helen read the letter aloud, and they all laughed.

"I know what it is," said Mary. "Will Aldis meant to send you a valentine, but inclosed a business letter instead, and mailed the valentine to some old gentleman in Wall street."

Mr. Williams was the inclosed one of the party. "Young fool!" said he to his wife; "didn't he know that there were mails and a postoffice? Why must he send a special messenger with such stuff as that in the dead of the night?"

Mr. Williams had been the one to go to the door, you know, and the night was bitterly cold.

Mrs. Williams made believe that she was asleep, and drew a long breath, such a very long one that Mr. Williams was suspicious; but he only muttered "Fool!" and went to sleep himself.

Margaret brought Mr. Bray his letters the next morning. She pitied the old gentleman, taking his breakfast all alone and sought to cheer him in her simple way.

"Perhaps you've got a valentine, sir," she said. "I got one myself to-day, from my cousin."

Mr. Bray laughed a little laugh, and, opening the first letter, was startled to read:

"MY DARLING."

Few business letters begin that way. But he read on:

"You can never tell how disappointed I was not to find you at home on Wednesday evening. I was detained in town too late on Tuesday to see you. I cannot wait till your return to tell you what I have long wanted to tell you—that I can never be happy till I know that you care for me. You know that I have loved you, early and late, for many a long day. (He had only known her a year) May I stop at Springfield for you on Saturday and tell you the rest? Do, my dear Helen, be good enough to say that I may."

With all my heart, WILL.

The old gentleman looked at the envelope, and was certainly addressed to him. "Hm, hm! So that's the way the wind blows, my fine young man! And this is the way you attend to my business in town, is it?"

After Mr. Bray had leisurely eaten his breakfast, he sat down at his desk and enclosed the letter to William Aldis, Esq., adding a note to say that if he were in Springfield he should be glad to have him stop and tell him the rest; and as it was, he would like to finish that game of chess any evening with him.

A more wilted young man never lived than was Will Aldis when he received Mr. Bray's letter. What in the world had he sent to Helen?

He hurried up his business, and on his return stopped at Springfield, where he soon made it all right with her.

She could not get over laughing when she read at home the letter he had written to her. "The idea of calling father 'My darling'!" she said. "If you have such names as that for your father-in-law, what are you going to call me, sir?"

A Bear Fight.

A lively bear fight in the Adirondacks was described in a letter from Indian river to the New York *Saratogian*. It occurred at about six miles from that place, at a shanty which is owned by a number of gentlemen who visit that region about twice a year for the purpose of hunting and fishing. The party consisted of Mr. Parker, of New York, Mr. Pulver, two gentlemen from Conklingville, N. J., and a guide named Bonnie. Returning from their day's hunt, the two Conklingville hunters went back with a stretcher for the purpose of fetching a deer that had been killed. Bonnie started from the shanty to get a pail of water, some little distance away. Parker, who was in poor health, and Pulver were left in charge of the cabin, and the latter was engaged in making a hot sling for his invalid friend. All at once Pulver heard his friend give a fearful scream, and, upon looking up, found a huge black bear growling and snarling in the most savage manner. The bear advanced toward Pulver as though to take him in its embrace. Pulver, acting upon the impulse of the moment, dashed the now-boiling water full in the animal's face, at the same time endeavoring to make his escape to the loft overhead. He had barely time to reach the top round of the short ladder when the exasperated bear caught him by the leg and held him as in a vise, lacerating his limb. Pulver cried lustily for help. Parker, nearly frightened to death, caught the bear by the short tail, and prevented him from making further advance on his friend. They now both cried piteously for help, and it came quickly in the form of Bonnie, the guide, whose experience in the woods had taught him that coolness and decision were the things needed in such an emergency. This he showed in his quickness in getting a gun and shooting the beast.

A Land Where There Are No Elopements.

Elopements are not believed in in Lapland, for if a man marries a maid without her parents' consent the penalty is death. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If a maid overruns her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion for marriage. But, if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend to meet some casualty and voluntarily halt. Thus none are compelled to marry against their wishes, and this is the cause in this poor country that the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.

If you wish some man to think often of you and wish you well, borrow \$1,000 of him on your personal integrity, and see the undying interest he will have in you (8 per cent. and commission) till he is paid.

"COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM."

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

On an island away in a tropical sea, (Now listen, a story I'll tell unto thee), Dwelt father and mother and beautiful son, Their darling, their only, their dutiful son. "No precious to me, no more or less," they said, and determined that he should be blind to the fact that the world is so brimful of sin. So scarcely can standing-room find for a pin. And so they concluded to make him a priest. As pure as the one who was found in the East, Revealed to the wise men who traveled afar, Still guided alone by that wonderful star.

A priest and a King of their island in the sea. They made him and they were his subjects to be. He grew into manhood, the kindest King That ever was seen; and he knew every thing That good books could tell him or newspapers.

But he longed, from the depths of his innocent heart, From father and mother and island to part, To see what he read of, to taste of the life Whose lot and sweet strange blend in the strife.

At last he grew restless and stroled much alone, He touched the stars to the tenderest tone, And wandered away through the midnight mists, And so he came to the great and the wide. Of nothing and everything thought he the while, Still wondering if he should forget how to smile. If longer he lived in that strange, wayward mood, Did he not but a dead end make for himself?

Yet yearning and longing, he knew not for what, For anything new that would better his lot; For now, since the college had labeled him priest, He was ready for duty, not caring the least.

When his heart from his body quite wandered away, "My son, we will go," said his father one day. "To the land of your childhood, away, far away, Where you may be numbered the first in the land. If alone, pure and holy, you continue to stand; 'Come out from among them,' the words echo yet, And they will recount till the world's sun is set. Oh, I shall be like the sunbeams around you and shine."

They went, and the parish much needed a priest, They welcomed him there with thanksgiving and feast.

She was just out of school, and as fresh as a rose, And as fair as a lily, and did only know Why such things are suffered beneath the blue heaven.

Her sister the priest was confessed and forgiven! He studied her face from the moment he saw it—On all the fly-leaves of his books tried to draw it. He looked sad and prayerful, told over his beads, But they were the last of his thoughts or his needs. A year rolled away like a dream of delight, And a beautiful morning succeeded the night That Father McNara, in citizen's clothes, Went off on the stealy with Annabel Rose.

They were married, and straight to his sweet island home.

They hastened, nor ever cared elsewhere to roam. "Come out from among them," these five simple words.

Had rung in his ear like a chorus of birds, Till he went—not at all in a spiritual sense, But with one whose great love was his strength and defense.

Both he and she, and to this day rejoice That she did confess to the priest of her choice. His father forgave them, as anyone should. When to do it was doing the best that he could. MRS. J. V. H. K.

The Dog Star.

Jack was billed to make his "first appearance on any stage" some years ago in Buffalo, N. Y. He was trained to come on in a certain act and frustrate a crime by dragging a mounted villain by the throat from his saddle. At rehearsal Jack acted like a star, never missing to floor his man, whose neck was, of course, securely padded to prevent injury from the brute's teeth; but when the night of the performance came, the music and audience frightened the dog actor, and coming to the front he simply looked at his victim and ran off wagging his tail. Jack was afterward kept chained in the wings in order to make him accustomed to the noise of the crowd. As the nights progressed the dog appeared to have lost all memory of his cue, the villain appeared without padding on his neck, and the last nights of the drama were announced. Jack changed the whole order of things, however. The evening before the farewell performance, the villain emerged as usual on horseback from the wings when suddenly Jack broke his chain, and, dashing at his man, horrified the audience by fastening his fangs in the poor fellow's neck and dragging him energetically to the stage. The curtain was rung down, several actors ran to the rescue, and the villain was only rescued after a severe struggle. The incident, though uncomfortable as it was to the actor, proved vastly profitable to the manager; Jack never again forgot his part, and the drama was played to crowded houses for several consecutive months.—*Baltimore News*.

A Reporter's Luck.

During an excursion from this city to Niagara falls, and while at Cleveland, an incident occurred which will never be forgotten by those who heard of it. The Kennard House, in that city, was crowded with guests, when an eccentric and witty druggist of Smithfield street appeared late at night at the hotel office and demanded a bed. The clerks replied that there were only two vacant beds in the house—one wherein was quartered a Pittsburgh morning-newspaper man, and the other room wherein was a Pittsburgh evening-newspaper man, who were with the excursion. "To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk; so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in." The druggist said that on general principles he would take his chances with the evening-newspaper journalist, as he would doubtless be so drunk that he would be dormantly quiet all night. He went to bed, and was soon sound asleep. The journalist, however, awakened about 12 o'clock, and, thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself unconsciously in the druggist's clothes, and sallied out to make a night of it. Ever and anon he muttered, as he treated all present, "Funniest thing I ever heard of! When I went to bed last night I only had 25 cents to my name, and now I've got over \$100 (showing a corpulent roll of bills); and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.—*Pittsburgh paper*.

Feeding Grounds of Fishes.

The inshore feeding grounds of fishes most esteemed by commerce are not determined by mere luck, as fishermen are so fond of believing. The mouths of rivers are naturally attractive, particularly during the family reunion of fresh-water fish which have been making the grand tour. Bays with stony bottoms are the homes of some varieties of prolific crustacea dearly beloved of fish, and the motion of the water is constantly detaching this food from the rocks. In land-locked shallows are to be found numerous small fish which either make their homes there, or flee thitherward as to a city of refuge. Straits through which strong tides can not easily force their way, and currents which oppose tides, are generally full of eddies, and these present many attractions to hungry fish. An eddy is a sort of aqueous savings-bank, which ab-

sorbs whatever fish-food comes near it, and like savings-banks elsewhere, it frequently yields its treasure to those whose might is their only substitute for right. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent waters all these conditions for supplying food exist, so it is not wonderful that the gulf is as popular a resort for fish as it is for fishermen.

Light Vibrations.

The vibrations of light, says the *Edinburgh Review*, which make their presence felt by striking upon the nerve structures of the eye, are as marvelous in the matter of size as they are in the matter of speed. A soap-bubble can be blown so thin that the film is not more than the 1-156,000 part of an inch in thickness. Experiment with a film of this character has shown that three or four such, placed together, would give depth enough for a single vibration of light. The German optician, Nobert, by the exertion of almost inconceivable skill, has ruled lines upon glass, of which as many as 112,000 lie within the sixth of an inch. Such lines, again, have been experimentally shown to be a little further apart than the length of a luminous vibration. The shortest vibrations of light include at least two such lines in their excursions or amplitude. The finest light-vibrations which have been measured are not more than 1-57,000 part of an inch in length. The line which follows here, —, represents the length of such a vibration magnified 10,000 times. But if there are 57,000 vibrations of light in an inch, how many must there be in the 93,000,000 miles which intervene between the earth and the sun! Fifty-seven thousand and an inch implies nearly 3,700,000,000 in a mile, or, in round numbers, 679,000,000,000 in 188,000 miles. As light travels 188,000 miles in a second, therefore, 679,000,000,000 vibrations must pass any fixed point in the route every second, or, what comes to the same thing, must strike each second upon the eye at the end of the journey, to call up in it the sensation of vision. The number, as a matter of fact, far transcends man's powers of exact estimation. Millions of millions are quantities that the human mind is entirely incompetent to grasp in any definite sense; and this difficulty is materially enhanced when, as in this case, the millions of millions have to be conceived as succeeding each other in the brief interval which is concerned in the single beat of a seconds pendulum. Nevertheless, it is substantially with such quantities that physical science has of necessity to deal when it undertakes to investigate the character of light. When a beam of clear sunshine flashes upon the human eye shocks as frequent and as minute as those which have been described strike upon the nerve structure of the organ.

Wooing and Winning in Greenland.

When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, describes the present style of courtship as follows: The suitor, coming to the missionary, says, "I should like to have a wife." "Whom?" asks the missionary. The man names the woman. "Hast thou spoken to her?" Sometimes the man will answer, "Yes; she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind." More frequently the answer is, "No." "Why not?" "It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her." The missionary summons the girl, and, after a little conversation, says, "I think it is time to have thee married." "I won't marry." "What a pity! I had a suitor for thee." "Whom?" The missionary names the man who has sought his aid. "He is good for nothing! I won't have him!" "But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws the harpoon with skill, and he loves thee." Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure the girl answers, "I won't have him!" "Well, I won't force thee. I shall find a wife for such a clever fellow." The missionary remains silent, as though he understood her "No" to have ended the matter. At last, with a sigh, she whispers, "Just as thou wilt have it." "No," replies the clergyman, "as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee." Then, with a deep groan, comes "Yes," and the matter is settled.

Advanced by a Hurricane.

Remark on how small a circumstance may decide our destiny for good or evil, for importance or insignificance, a New York paper tells how Alexander Hamilton owed the beginning of his remarkable career to a hurricane: "While a groveling clerk, as he called himself, in the counting house of Nicholas Cruger, at Santa Cruz, he wrote considerably, and, among other things, described a hurricane which had visited St. Christopher's (August, 1772), and sent the description to a local newspaper. This attracted so much attention as to induce his friends—he was only 15 then—to gratify his off-expressed wish for a better education than the West Indies could afford. The result was that he was sent to this country, going first to a grammar school at Elizabethtown, N. J. He then entered King's (now Columbia) College, and had the intent to acquaint himself with anatomy, in addition to his regular studies, with the view of practicing medicine.

"The trouble with England about the tea-tax having come to a crisis gave a new direction to Hamilton's thoughts, and eventually led to his success as a statesman. Had it not been for the hurricane at St. Christopher's, however, he might have remained his life long at Santa Cruz, and never have been heard of as a public man."

A Smart Thief.

"You are all alone here?" asked a man of the clerk in a Cincinnati cigar store. Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: "What would you do if a thief should grab this box and run away? The clerk replied that he would let the rascal escape, rather than abandon the money-drawer to a possible raid. "Then I'll be going," the man finally remarked, as he tucked the box under his coat and hastily departed.

INFLUENCE.
The fervent, pale-faced mother, ere she sleep, Looks out upon the zigzag-lighted square, The beautiful bare trees, the blue night air, The revelation of the star-strewn deep, World above, world, and heaven over heaven. Between the trees and the stars her slight Rests on a steadfast, starry shining light, High in the tower—an early star of even. Here is the faith in saints' and angels' power, And mediating love—she breathes a prayer For you first watcher in the gray old tower. He—the shrewd, skeptic poet—unaware Feels comforted and stilled; and knows not whence Falls this unwonted peace on heart and sense. —Emma Lazarus, in *Scribner*.

The Herring.

The herring, though a small fish, is commercially attractive enough to often find its own prospects of peace and longevity seriously endangered. Its diminutive size causes it to suffer more from finny enemies than either the cod or the mackerel, and its spawning capacity is comparatively feeble—a mere trifle of thirty thousand eggs, which the mackerel exceeds by fifteen or twenty times, and the cod by a hundred or more. And yet there seems no limit to the quantity of herring. Were the demand many times as great as it is, it could easily be supplied from this side of the ocean. This is doubtless due in great measure to the peculiar security enjoyed by the spawn and the young. Instead of floating, orifice downward, like the eggs of most other fish, herring spawn/sinks to the bottom, the orifices of the eggs being upward, and, as it is deposited in deep water, there are but few fish that interfere with it. The young, finding no loving parent near to guide their youthful steps, sensibly remain close to their birth-place, feeding upon diatoms and the smaller crustacea, until they grow old enough and strong enough to venture abroad. Migratory only to a limited extent, it is probable that the herring changes its base only on account of annoyance from larger fish. They are caught inshore by many varieties of seines and pounds, and the hook has occasionally been tried upon them by self-sufficient city youths, urged thereto by sea-shore boys who wished to remove the conceit from their visitors. To attempt to lure with hook and line a fish which cannot bite, but lives wholly by suction, and to spend long hours at the attempt, under the stimulus of some wonderful story about how many some other city youth caught in the same way, is very stimulative of one's memory of the imprecatory Psalms and of other scripture as misquoted by the wicked.

The herring, like the other fish named, inhabits cold water, the line of Long Island sound being its southern boundary, while it is far to the north that it must be sought in quantity. The secret of the selection of particular localities for fish homes seems explained by an examination of the course of the great Arctic current. This body of cold water, starting from the Spitzbergen seas, flows westerly until it strikes the Greenland coast, when it changes its course to the southward, and carries great masses of cold water into localities the latitude of which leads one to look for a high temperature in the water. It is a branch of this current that enables the cod to live and multiply about Block island and Nantucket shoals, in water at 40 deg., while farther north bathers at the beach luxuriate in water at 70 deg. The same current forces its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which is the most profitable fishing ground in the world, and probably has something to do with the phenomenal tides in the Bay of Fundy. This current brings not only cold water but food for the fish. This food consists of diatoms and other minute forms of vegetable and animal life. Coming into existence in a latitude higher than that of the fish that devour it, this food is swept southward by the great Arctic current, and wherever it is found the waters are almost alive with fish. Prof. Hind says that although the sea off Canada and the United States appears abundant in life, it is nevertheless almost a desert compared with the Northern seas, particularly on the Labrador and Greenland coasts. There the ocean at times seems to be thick with fish, and to such an extent that during a single night the temperature of the water will be materially influenced by animal life!—*John Habberton, in Harper's Magazine*.

A Flag of Truce.

Gen. Gordon, in an account of the scenes connected with the surrender of Lee's army, gave an amusing instance of the undress condition in which soldiers in the field sometimes find themselves. Gen. Gordon had determined to send a flag of truce to Gen. Sheridan, and for that purpose summoned Maj. Hunter, of his staff, and told him to carry a flag of truce forward. He replied, "General, I have no flag of truce."

The General told him to get one.

He replied, "General, we have no flag of truce in our command."

"Then take your handkerchief and put it on a stick, and go forward."

"I have no handkerchief, General."

"Then borrow one, and go forward with it."

"General, there is no handkerchief in the staff."

"Then, Major, use your shirt."

"You see, General, that we all have on flannel shirts."

At last a man was found who had a white shirt, of which the back and tail were torn off, and, rigging that peaceful emblem to a stick, the Major went toward the enemy's lines.

Popular Medical Science.

Clem Berry, the sable philosopher of Carson, spent a few days in this city last week. He was sorry to find his old friend, Marcus Aurelius Johnson, confined to his bed when he called.

"Why, Marcus, what on erf's de matter wid ju?"

"Dunno, Clem; dunno 'zaetly. Doc Bronson sez de disease hasn't gone 'long 'nuf' ter make a c'rect doggydness of it, but he believes it's de roomytism or the newralzy."

"How, if dat's what de matter, I jest know well fer fix you. Seen lots of it cured der in Carson. Der was Guvnor Kinkadee, an' old Jasper Babcock, an' Farmer Treadway, an' a lot o' dem kind o' feller—all had de roomytism, or de newralzy, or some odder mighty reliable disease of de same gin'ral nature—an' I've seen all dem cured. You jes' send fo' yo' doctor, an' tell him to eat a but-

ton-hole in yo' hide whar de pain does de mos' work, an' to take a seeringe an' squirt 'bout half a pint mawween in dar. Dat's what'll cure you, Marcus—you hear me. I'm a talkin', chile—cure you shuah. Dat's what we call de suttern-an-injecshin, and don't you forget it." —*Virginia (New) Chronicle*.

He Wanted Only Five Minutes.

A Western Judge gives an account of his first visit to the at-that-time semi-barbarous mining regions of California. He had just been admitted to the bar at his home, a small Eastern village, and his desire for fame and fortune led him Westward, arriving at the camp of his future home on the back of a broncho (an animal well known for his elevating qualities) about sunset. As he approached the camp he saw a group of men in excited conversation, and, going nearer, saw in the center a man and a rope. He knew at once what these meant, and, congratulating himself on so excellent an opportunity to make an impression which would give him a boost in his profession immediately, he rode up to the crowd and asked what the man had done, and was informed that he had been caught an hour before with two horses not his own, and they were debating as to whether they would shoot or hang him.

"But, gentlemen," said the Judge, "these summary proceedings are not right. Surely you would not outrage the majesty of both human and divine law by taking the life of this man in your own hands? No, gentlemen, I feel assured you will let better counsel prevail. Give the man the benefit of a trial in a court of law by a jury of his peers, and if by them he is condemned to punishment, your souls will be free from the stain of his blood. If he has no attorney, I beg to offer my services. That you may see, gentlemen, that I am qualified, in due form of law, I will show you my dip—"

"Stranger," drawingly interrupted the leader, "this heer klaim is registered. We've struck a lead, an' y' kin jest bet cher bottom dollar it's a goin' t' pan out 'cordin' t' pravi's calculation. Stranger, you kin hev one hour t' prospect fr th' suburbs o' this heer camp."

The Judge, to use his own expression, "tumbled" to the situation, and, adjusting himself in the saddle, he grasped the bridle reins, preparatory to moving, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, for your courtesy I thank you. You have given me an hour to get out of town, but, if the girth holds and this mule don't buck, all I want is five minutes." Saying which, the Judge clapped the enormous wheels into the sides of the beast and adjourned sine die.

For Young Men at Church Fairs.

The following bits of advice, culled from the leading magazines of the day, are intended for the eye of the young men who attend church fairs: Be pleasant, and smiling, and cheerful. When they offer you the seductive bowl of oyster soup, bend over it, affect to examine it critically, smell it, then rise up, shake your head sadly, and with a sweet, suggestive smile, say, "No, thank you, I guess not." This adds greatly to the happiness of the silver-haired, motherly old lady who made the soup.

Lie boldly to the first girl who wants you to take a chance in the paragon cake. Tell her that you have already two chances. This will make it easier for the next lie. Then, when she looks over her list and says she can't find your name, tell her you bought your chances of the other young lady. Then, when she says she is the only person selling chances in this cake, tell her then it must have been in the other cake. Then, when she says this is the only cake they are raffling on, brace up, look her right in the eye, and tell her, "O yes, you remember now—it must have been in the cake last year." She can't deny this, and you can look triumphant. But remember, my son, if you start a thing of this kind you will have to keep it up.

If you pick up any pretty little article on the fancy tables ask the price of the same, and, when you are told, drop it from your nerveless fingers, and, as it falls upon the floor, exclaim, in tones of amazement, "Well, I am —" and leave the audience to imagine what you are. This never fails to please the young lady who has charge of that table. She will mention you to her friends.

Affect a pleasant, but natural and undisguised, horror of the tidies, and designate the worsted work as "stuff." Wonder what the lambskins are for, and laugh a short, explosive, sardonic laugh when the ladies tell you. If some girl has sent a water-color or oil-painting of her own to the fair, affect to mistake the road for a river, and wonder why people are driving along the top of the water in a wagon. Also, try to spell out the name of a hotel on the elm tree in the foreground, affecting to mistake it for an old-fashioned swinging country inn sign.—*New Orleans Times*.

A Buried Race in Kansas.
It is well known that the wrought-stone implements found in the ancient river gravels of California prove conclusively that during or before the glacial period the Pacific coast was inhabited by man. In a report on archaeological explorations in Kansas, Judge E. P. West, of that State, presented a large amount of evidence to show that at an equally remote period that region was peopled by a race compared with which the mound-builders must be accounted modern.

The geology of the region is simple. Prior to the drift epoch the river channels were deeper than now, and the river valleys were lower. Subsequently the valleys were filled by a lacustrine deposit of considerable depth. In or beneath this last deposit the remains of an extinct race occur.

Such remains have been found at various depths in seven different counties along or near the Kansas Pacific railroad, namely, Douglas, Pottawatomie, Riley, Dickinson, Marion, Ellsworth and Lincoln counties. With one exception, the remains have all been found on the second bottom or terrace of streams, and consist of stone implements, pottery, human bones and bone implements. In most cases they were struck in digging wells at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet below the surface. In view of the fact that there is not more than one well to the square mile in the counties named, and the area of a well forms but a very small fraction of a square mile, Judge West thinks the evidence already obtained not only sufficient to prove the former existence of the buried race, but to prove that they were very numerous. We can hardly assume that chance has directed the digging of wells only where human remains are buried.

Whether the race existed before the glacial epoch or immediately after it is too early to determine. Judge West is inclined to fix their time of occupancy as after the glacial epoch and prior to the deposition of the Loess. In calling upon the local newspapers of Kansas to lay the facts before the people and urging the propriety of saving such remains when found, and noting carefully the conditions under which they occur, the Judge says:

"Here we have a buried race entangled in a profound and startling mystery—a race whose appearance and exit in the world's drama precede stupendous geological changes marking our continent, and which, perhaps, required hundreds of thousands of years in their accomplishment. The prize is no less than determining when this mysterious people lived, how they lived, when they passed out of existence, and why they became extinct."—*Scientific American*.

The Sun's Light.
The sun is, in round numbers, says the *Danbury Review*, 93,000,000 miles from the earth. But the vibrations of light pass across the vast chasm that lies between the sun and the earth in eight and one-fourth minutes or in 495 seconds of time. In order, however, that they may accomplish the long journey in such a time, they must travel with a speed of nearly 188,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, with a velocity 1,000,000 times greater than that with which the vibrations of sound are propagated through the air. The discovery of the rate of the propagation of light was made in a very ingenious and remarkable way by the Danish astronomer Roemer just two centuries ago. He was at that time residing at Paris and engaged in observing the movements of the satellites of Jupiter, and, while doing so, he happened to notice that the return of the first satellite into the shadow of the planet took place after a perceptibly longer interval with each successive recurrence. After 100 returns, the satellite was fifteen minutes behind what should, to appearance, have been the proper instant for its plunge into the shadow. While reflecting upon the possible cause of this retardation and irregularity, it occurred to Roemer that, during the entire period of this observed retardation, the planet itself had been getting further and further away from the earth, as it swept on in its vast orbit, and that, if the indication of its position and behavior had to be conveyed to the earth by an agent which required time for its progress, that agent would obviously need more time for the performance of its passage when the planet was far away than when it was near. Subsequent calculations of a more refined and exhaustive character established the fact that the eclipse of the satellite occurred 16 1/2 minutes later when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun to the planet than when it was between the sun and the planet; or, in other words, that the vibrations of light required 16 1/2 minutes to make their way across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit, or 8 1/4 minutes to traverse the half of that breadth, which is the same thing as the distance of the sun from the earth.

A Prehistoric Bottomless Well.
There is a remarkable well in the town of Thurman, situated along what is known as the "river road." The well is about 3 1/2 feet in diameter at the top, and its depth has never been ascertained. It has been sounded 555 feet without reaching the bottom. The water is clear and cold, and the well is always full. It was first discovered about ninety years ago, and its sides were then walled up with stones, as they appear at the present time.—*Glen's Falls (N. Y.) Republican*.

Learning the Ballet.
To learn how to dance on the stage requires considerable time. A girl is first taught to turn her feet out by standing with the toe of each foot to the heel of the other. The next thing is to give her a "point." This is done by seating her on a form with one leg strapped to it at the knee-joint, while a person presses the toe down so as to arch the instep. Then she is told to hold on to a bar and to throw each leg as high as possible without bending the knee. This exercise loosens the joints and renders them supple. After daily work of this kind during some months, and sometimes years, the girl is taught steps and learns to walk upon her toes.

This, which, when well done, always elicits applause, is by no means so difficult as it appears. In reality, the dancer walks on her big toes, and the others do not touch the ground. The big toe is bent slightly toward the others, so that the pressure is as much on the side as on the end. But it is far more difficult to use the arms gracefully than the legs on the stage. In order to find this out, a person has only to take a stick and wave it after the manner of a stage fairy. There must be no angles, and the curves and movements must be made very slowly in order to be effective. The dancer must know how to hinder her body from following the movement of her arms or her legs. Whatever steps she may be taking with her feet, whatever curves she may make with her arms, her body should be in repose, as though her limbs were unconnected with it. To realize the effect of graceful movement, let any one observe the movements of a bad dancer on the stage. Instead of only dancing from her waist, her body is twisted this way and that with every step she takes, and thus she produces the impression of a young heifer indulging in gambols.—*London Truth*.

Cutting Oranges and Apples.
To cut the orange, make two parallel cuts, through the skin only, leaving a continuous band about an inch wide round the body of the orange. Remove the rest of the peel. Cut through the band once, just over one of the natural divisions, and gently force the whole open, and out, leaving each section detached from the other, but still fast to the band of peel.

The apple is cut by setting the blade of a narrow, sharp-pointed knife in the oblique position of the intended cut, and pushing it, point first, directly to the core. When all the cuts are so made, the apple will come apart in a very pretty manner. Care must be taken not to let the knife slip through the apple into the hand.

Here is a good though not a new way to cut an apple so that it will look whole and unmarked while in the dish, but, when pared, will fall to pieces without being cut with a knife:

Take a fine needle and a thin, strong thread; insert the needle at the stem of the apple in such a way that the point will come out again away from the stem and a short distance from the first insertion; pull the needle and thread through very carefully, so as not to break the skin or enlarge the holes, leaving a few inches of thread hanging at the stem. Then put the needle back into the second hole, thrust it in the same direction as before, bringing out the point still farther from the stem, and again pull the thread through. Go on in this way straight around the apple, and, when the thread comes out at the stem, pull it by both ends very carefully, until it has cut entirely through and comes out of the apple. If parted now the fruit would fall in halves, but, by working the thread round under the skin as before, at right angles to the first cut, and again pulling the thread quite through at the stem, the apple will fall into quarters.

After a little practice the cutting can be done so skillfully that only a very keen eye will be able to find out how it was accomplished.—*St. Nicholas*.

It is a popular idea that every portion of the globe furnishes in some tree, shrub, plant or mineral a remedy for the diseases prevalent in that section. It is also very generally believed that the seedlings produced in any part of the country will be found specially adapted to the soil and climate of that region—very hardy and productive. Many persons who raise promising seedling fruit trees, and who find that they fail in the region where they are produced, make no effort to test their value in other localities. It would be the part of wisdom, however, to send specimens to remote portions of the country for the purpose of allowing local horticulturists to test their merits. The fruit produced on a seedling apple tree originated in Kentucky may rot on the branches and be declared worthless. But a tree of this variety planted in Michigan might mature its fruit in prime condition. The Maiden's Blush, which is a summer apple along the Ohio river, is an excellent late fall apple in this vicinity, and a late keeper in Northern Wisconsin. The Roxbury russet and Rhode Island Greening, which keep well till April and May in the New England States, not infrequently rot on the trees in Kentucky and Tennessee. A gentleman near this city raises some apples which he is able to keep nine months. They are the product of trees procured in Georgia, where, singularly enough, the fruit ripens in June and decays before autumn commences.—*Chicago Times*.

CONQUERING SELF.—Strength of mind is not alone sufficient to conquer physical sins; they require physical remedies. If a man says, "I resist the infirmity of my flesh—my appetite or my passions—but every now and then I am overcome," his first step toward reform must be hygienic; bathing, more exercise, less food, or more food, or a different kind of food. What the specific hygienic treatment should be it is impossible to say without knowing the specific difficulty. But the rule is to develop strength in the body where it is weak, and where, through weakness, it fails. If a bad temper is the fault to be overcome, there should be cultivated such habits as tend to quiet and calm the over-excited nerves. The tension must be diminished all along the line of life; haste and hurry and worry abandoned, and repose of mind cultivated. A resolve to do well is useless unless assisted by action.

The Comforter.
One of the most disagreeable of persons is the man who always tries to "make the best of it." At times it does one good to feel the undoubted weight of sorrow, without being meddled with. Mr. Grey had just lost a dear son, and the comforter (?) appeared and comforted. "My poor friend, there is always a bright side. Just think how much your darling would have suffered from this damp, freezing winter, while now he will never more suffer from cold weather."

"Isn't It Lovely?"
There is no surer sign of the lack of refinement than the habit of judging of goods by their price, rather than by their beauty or value. A lady in San Francisco witnessed an instance of it the other day:

Two young ladies stood at the show window of a fancy-article shop. A lace collar was under discussion. There it lay, with pretty pointed tips and a quill of stand-up edging. "I don't believe it's real," said one, with the knob of her parasol at her lips. The other poked her cheek with hers, and said lace was "so deceiving."

"I'm bound I'll know," said the first; and she disappeared within the store. She came back soon, her eyes like exclamation points.

"Millie," said she, "the price is \$45."

"You don't say so!" replied Millie.

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but it would have been horrid if it had been imitation."

The Curse at Work.
A singular fact is noted in connection with the sarcophagus of the Ashmolean, King of Sidon, now deposited at the Louvre, the inscription of which has been deciphered. It is in effect like that of Shakespeare's tomb, uttering a curse upon whomsoever should remove the monarch's bones. It further declares that such robbers shall leave no descendants, but shall be driven from their country. The Duke de Luynes bought the sarcophagus; he and his only son were killed in the Papal war of 1859. Again, Napoleon III. brought it to Paris and deposited it in the Louvre; he died, was buried in a foreign land, and his only son died at the hands of the savages in a strange country. There is not a descendant left of Napoleon III. or of the Duke de Luynes.

A Son's Testimony.
Dr. Fraser, the able Bishop of Manchester, England, testified, in a public address, that he owed all that he was and had been able to do to the self-sacrificing devotion of his mother.

His father, a man of some fortune, lost everything in iron-mining, leaving a family of seven, the Bishop at that time being 14 years old.

His mother was a woman of sound sense and great unselfishness. She said:

"I cannot give these lads of mine a large fortune; but, by denying myself a bit, and living quietly, I can give them all a good education."

She did so, but she did not understand how she managed it. By God's providence, he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralyzed, speechless and helpless, but every day when he went into her room and looked on her sweet face he thought gratefully of all he owed to her, of what he was, and what he had been enabled to do.

The Pottery Tree.
One of the most remarkable of those trees which bear a stony or silicious bark is the "pottery tree" of Para, on the Amazon, termed "Carapa," by the Brazilians, and known to botanists as the *Moquilella utilis*. It is a magnificent tree, and sometimes rises to a hundred feet before branching. The wood is exceedingly durable, being largely impregnated with flint, but the principal value of the tree lies in its bark, which is used by the Brazilians for furnishing the raw material of pottery. It is not that vessels are made from the bark itself, as they are sometimes made from gourds and calabashes; but the bark is burned, and the silicious ashes, mixed with a proportion of river clay, make a strong and serviceable ware.

Not a Bad Country.
A correspondent of the *San Francisco Bulletin* says that Alaska is a pleasant country to live in, notwithstanding all polar bear and iceberg stories. The climate of the islands, and of all that part of the mainland that is bathed by the warm ocean currents from Japan, is remarkably bland and temperate, and free from extremes of heat or cold throughout the year. There is a great deal of rainy weather, but it is of good quality, mild in temperature, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the deep, cool rivers, feeding the mosses and trees, and keeping the whole land fresh and fruitful. The wettest of this weather seems to be perfectly healthy, and there is no midew in the houses. Thunder is rarely heard—a flash and a clap, faint and far away, once in two or three years. The cause of so much rain is found in the vapor-laden winds from Japan.

The Corpse's Opportunity.
In a past generation a certain Deputy Sheriff in Norfolk county, who bore the name and was a lineal descendant of one of the most distinguished families in his State, obtained quite a local reputation for his misplacement of words. Upon one occasion, being manager of a funeral, he occupied a conspicuous seat in the principal church of his town. At the conclusion of the religious services he slowly arose, and with due solemnity, made this startling announcement: "The corpse will now have an opportunity to walk round the coffin and take a last look at the mourners!" The "gentleman in the coffin" didn't respond, but the congregation did, and many handkerchiefs which had covered the weeping eyes were suddenly thrust into open mouths.

The Japanese, who are a wise people and fond of expressing themselves by symbols, present to each other on every New-Year's day a piece of the commonest and coarsest dried fish, done up in a rough scrap of paper. This is to remind them of the frugality and temperance of their ancestors, and in this way to exhort each other to form and keep good resolutions for the next twelvemonth.

A scholar in a country school was asked "How do you parse 'Mary milked the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person and stands for 'Mary.' 'Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?' 'Because,' added the intelligent pupil, 'if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?'"

Here Is Sermon Enough for Sunday.
A little shoeblack called at the residence of a clergyman of this city and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb basket, and, as the little fellow was walking slowly away and shifting the gift between his fingers for a piece called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him a while and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"—*New Orleans Democrat*.

It is known that ozone, when properly applied, is a most effective and convenient agent for restoring books or prints which have become brown by age, or been smeared or soiled with coloring matter—only a short time being required to render them perfectly white, as if just from the press, and this without injuring in the least the blackness of the ink. An example given of the results produced in this way is that of a book of the sixteenth century, upon a page of which several sentences had been painted over by the monks of that day with a black, shining coloring matter, in order to render them illegible, and of which no trace of a line could be detected. After thirty-six hours' treatment with ozone, the coloring matter was entirely destroyed, the most careful scrutiny of the page failing to disclose the fact that any of the lines had once been painted over. Writing ink may readily be discharged by ozone, especially if the paper be subsequently treated with very dilute chlorhydric acid to remove the oxide of iron.

Edwin Booth's first engagement in London, during September, 1861, was a dismal failure. The man who played Richmond on the opening, in the fight, fell back over one of the forward files. A man from the gallery cried: "Stick him, old man; he well deserves it," and the curtain came down amidst roars of laughter.

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A WEEK OF SCANDAL

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL TORE UP BY SENSATIONS.

Acklin, of Louisiana, Accused of Presenting a Forged Document— Senator Hill as a Bigamist— Increase of Crime.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)
THE WEEK OF SCANDAL.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—But little attention is paid generally to the various rumors and gossip tales, social and political intrigues that repeatedly disturb the genial atmosphere of Washington, owing to their frequency. During the past few years they have been of such common occurrence that a few days will suffice to render them things of the past. A momentary ripple of the social or political wave as the case may be, and they are swept by, only to be resurrected by accident or by way of comparison with something more startling that follows. Many of these scandals affecting prominent people of the country and subjecting to criticism and scorn an individual or, a party, oftentimes reacting as an argument against our form of government, find their inception in the belittled minds of prejudiced people, disappointed office seekers or jealous politicians, who from their own slimy precincts attempt to belittle the reputation and character of the purer minded and more successful people about them. It is an acknowledged fact that the Belknap affair was made public through the caprices of a jealous woman. Secretary Belknap was the victim, was politically executed, while yet a most brilliant career was visible; all was snatched from him by one stroke of the pen, and, like the Credit Mobilier unfortunates, he was consigned to an early political grave. The

RARITY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY
in this advanced age of ours exceeds by far angel's visits. Once the cloak of political or social scandal wraps itself about persons of any prominence it becomes a part of their vestment,—a veritable coat of many colors, forever afterwards the brand of public opinion; the mark of their ostracism. Our Christian world, it is recognized no other garment, however elegant, may be washed by subsequent rectitude and purity of life. It is not even buried with its victim, but, as a sin of the father, descends unto the children of the first generation, anyway, it not unto the third and fourth. Mr. Alexander C. Wells was nominated as surveyor of the port of New Orleans, but he is the son of the man whom the Democratic party hate, and in consequence of his father's impolitic part in the Louisiana muddle the many colored mantle falls upon him, and our noble senators report adversely upon his case, though the best business men of New Orleans petition his confirmation. The

CONSPIRING-SPRING AFFAIR
was perhaps as uncalculated for and as unjust a persecution as ever originated in the deranged mind of an imbecile husband, driven to madness by the whisperings of the hydra-headed scandal mongers. The unimpeached character of Mrs. S., her high minded and refined nature, her superior education and well known purity of purpose served as a barrier to stem the tide of public opinion against her, and rendered the attempt to persecute her abortive. In contra distinction to the case of Wells, the undying veneration of the people for her father, the late chief justice, served to counteract the effect of a groundless rumor, no one receiving more attention among the most prominent people of our country than she.

JOSEPH H. ACKLIN,
a member of Congress from Louisiana who was investigated last winter, charged with the termination of a young and pretty, though unsophisticated girl in New Orleans, is again in hot water. Mr. Acklin is a graduate of two foreign universities, a fine lawyer, and quite popular with his party until these attacks upon his personal integrity were made the subject of inquiry by the House. As a member of the committee on foreign affairs during the last session, he is accused of presenting to the House a sham report purporting to come from the committee in due form, whereas it was a forgery,—the production of the wicked brain of the "Haji J. H." In urging his report upon the House Mr. Acklin was uttering false and unholty pretenses, contrary to the spirit of his party and the teachings of his people, in consequence of which falsity and unholiness the honorable gentleman (C) is now the subject of a "star chamber" inquisition, whose verdict will undoubtedly consign him to oblivion. Hardly had the Acklin matter become public ere another and more prominent of the public servants is asked to render an account of his ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

SENATOR BENJAMIN H. HILL,
one of the strongest and most respected of the members from the sunny South, is charged by Miss Jessie Raymond as being her seducer, and she comes to Washington with a babe to seek redress and support from the venerable member of the confederate senate. Mr. Hill has had his political disabilities removed by act of congress, but no act or acts of that honorable body will serve to wipe out the stain upon his good reputation made by this woman's charge against him, should it prove true. Whatever may be the truth of the matter the case has been badly managed on both sides by the several parties concerned. Miss Raymond procured the services of Mrs. Belva Lockwood, an attorney and a lady of unimpeachable integrity, to conduct her case. Her affidavits state that Senator Hill is the father of her child, and that she has impregnated him for the where. With to support it without avail. Later on she is approached by the private secretary and the son of the senator, who, upon presentation of the paltry sum of \$3000 with promises of more, succeed in leading her wounds for the time being and secure her signature to affidavit No. 2, that she never signed nor made the complaint recited in affidavit No. 1 in possession of Mrs. Lockwood. The contract with the private secretary and son not being fulfilled Miss Jessie again returns to Mrs. Lockwood, makes a breast of the whole transaction and enters

SUIT FOR \$15,000 DAMAGES.
The senator denounces it as a blackmailing operation and threatens the arrest of

all parties to the conspiracy. Some Southern papers were prone to charge it upon Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, as a means of revenge for his grudge against Senator Hill, and destroy that senator's influence in the efforts to unseat the senator from Louisiana. Miss Raymond dogged the footsteps of her alleged seducer until led from the capitol by the police. What the outcome of this scandal will be is hard to tell. Mrs. Lockwood will relentlessly pursue the case as her integrity has been questioned by the senator and his friends, and the course of Miss Raymond has been so unwise and apparently dishonest that it will require some better proof than her affidavits to establish a case. But one more and your correspondent is done with this disgrace in high places,—this laxity of morals and honesty that brings so much ridicule upon our public men and institutions abroad. The aged

EX-SENATOR CHRISTIANCY,
of Michigan, at present minister resident at Lima, Peru, married some two years ago Miss Lugenbell, the daughter of a boarding-house keeper in this city. Miss L. was a pretty and fascinating "countess" of the treasury, and attracted the senator's attention while boarding at her mother's house, and a "made" match was the result. The disparity of their ages being about half a century, the natural disposition and inclinations of the two being widely different, together with the decided objection on the part of the senator's family to the alliance, has resulted as could be expected in an open war and two suits for divorce. The senator charges his wife with being untrue and with incompatibility of temper. His wife in return discloses his bargain and sale of his seat in the Senate to the late Zach. Chandler in consideration of a bonus and the Peruvian mission. He is also charged with being an opium eater, wife-beater, drunkard, and a man of intolerable prejudices and jealous beyond description. His friends are very indignant at the free manner in which the young wife talks of the old man, and say she does it to obtain the sympathy of the public. She is at home with her mother, and avers that nothing whatever could be done to reconcile her to her superannuated better half.

A PRINTER'S VILLAINY.
A young treasury girl, one of the many that act as press girls to the bank note printers, died last week under sad circumstances. The printer she worked with had become too intimate, which resulted in the birth of a child, from the effects of which she died. The printer married her a few moments before her death. He was discharged from his position and started immediately for his home in New York.

Thus it will be seen by the cases above cited that
SCANDAL HAS INCREASED
to a disgusting degree of late. It is sad when one contemplates this looseness of morals in high places. It is still more so when affairs reach such a state that both of the great parties look about them for persons that are little known so that they may have available candidates,—candidates who have not been prominently before the public, and whose skirts are clean, uncontaminated by scandal, credit millers, whiskey rings, etc. The country is to be congratulated that it has some public men who pass through the ordeal of congressional life and positions of trust, proof against corruption, bright and shining lights in the political arena, such men as Chase, Sumner, Lincoln, and Wade, of the past, and our own Wadsworth, Washburne, of Ill., Ferry, of Michigan, Edmunds, Bayard, and Stevens, of the present.

ROCHFORD OR BUST.
The following was crowded out of Pete Oberst's pocket in his recent trip to Rochford from Deadwood:

The shades of eve were falling fast
As up through Deadwood mine passed
A Mick, who bore through mud and vice
A hickory shirt with this device,
Rochford or bust.

His hat was slouched, he had one cross eye
Which piped off every passer by
The bootblack shouted—have a shine
But Mick replied, I'll hunt a mine,
Rochford or bust.

The dancehouse girls said oh stay and try
A glass of our dancehouse rye,
A glass of our darling dead gaze,
But Mick replied—ah go to hell,
Rochford or bust.

Beware of the pinetree with a branch,
Beware of the deadfall called Bulldog Ranch
Twas Hoodoo Brown's last good night
When called but far up the heights,
Rochford or bust.

Next morning as the Custer stage
Was rolling up the narrow gauge
A hickory shirt hung on a nail
With these words printed on the tail,
Rochford or bust.

They Want Redress.
[Black Hills Times.]

Some time ago Gen. Sturgis ordered the traders and others located at the Belle Fourche crossing of the Bismarck stage road to remove from one side of the river to the other, claiming that they were on the Indian reservation. The whites had to go, thus entailing a considerable expense upon themselves. Now it appears from the latest map of Dakota, just published, that the Indian reservation does not approach the crossing by fifteen or eighteen miles, and the parties who were located there are prospecting around among our lawyers trying to find out if they can get a book on Gen. Sturgis or the government whereby they can recover a few shekels for the damages sustained by their ejection. The damages sustained by these parties, in a financial sense, is probably not so great and so lacerating to their feelings as the indignity they feel of being bulldozed by the army of this great republic. We trust their fortunes and feeling may be repaired, but wouldn't bet that they will. The dignity of a free born American citizen is a big thing, you know, and shouldn't be lacerated with impunity.

Only \$1.00 Per Year.
A. M. Parry, of Palmyra, N. Y., sends post-paid and free to all applicants his valuable 24-page catalogue of fruits and flowers, giving kinds, descriptions, mode of planting, etc. Every person who has a rod of garden or ground to plant should have it. He also sends free a specimen copy of the Fruit Recorder and Cottage Garden, a monthly at \$100, devoted to fruits and flowers—it speaks for itself; while 25 cents will get his 64-page Small Fruit Instructor—a work pronounced by all who have seen it the most concise and practical of any yet printed. Persons sending him now will get the catalogue, and the Fruit Recorder for 1880, and the Small Fruit Instructor, all post-paid for only \$1.00. He accepts postage stamps for odd change.

Baby Mine Colliery.
E. H. Bly is now prepared to furnish coal to settlers along the line of the N. P. very cheap, owing to the extremely low rate of freight furnished east by that line. Parties desiring coal will be furnished with price per ton delivered at any station or siding, by applying to E. H. BLY.

SAMPLE ROOMS

CAPITOL SALOON,
No. 62, Main Street.
Freighters' and Contractors' Headquarters.
Best Stocked Bar in the City.
All kinds of games, new pool and billiard tables etc. Pleasantest place in the city to spend the evening. Open day and night.
GRIFFIN & ROBERTS.

ASA FISHER,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Main-st., opp. Sheridan House.

ELDER & CO.,
Proprietors
Pacific Saloon,
Cor. 4th and Main Streets.
First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars. Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys.

NOTICE
The large illustrated April edition of THE TRIBUNE has been extensively advertised in the east, and several hundred letters have already arrived, asking for copies. Some of these only contain one 3-cent stamp, when there should be three. To each of such persons a copy of this paper is sent, that they may remit two more stamps and get the illustrated edition. This edition will be sent out about the 1st of April, and will be the most complete guide to settlers in the west of anything yet published. Remember, it is sent to any part of the country upon receipt of THREE 3-CENT STAMPS.
Address,
BISMARCK TRIBUNE,
Bismarck, D. T.

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BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
A GREENHOUSE AT YOUR DOOR.
We will send free by mail, and guarantee their safe arrival in good condition, our choice of 100 varieties of plants, including:
10 Roses, 10 Geraniums, 10 Begonias, 10 Fuchsias, 10 Camellias, 10 Hydrangeas, 10 Lilacs, 10 Peonies, 10 Clematis, 10 Vinifera, 10 Magnolia, 10 Nymphaea, 10 Ranunculus, 10 Anemone, 10 Delphinium, 10 Iris, 10 Narcissus, 10 Tulip, 10 Allium, 10 Crocus, 10 Primula, 10 Pinks, 10 Pansies, 10 Marigolds, 10 Zinnia, 10 Petunia, 10 Verbena, 10 Salvia, 10 Lavender, 10 Myrtle, 10 Boxwood, 10 Yew, 10 Holly, 10 Juniper, 10 Cedar, 10 Fir, 10 Spruce, 10 Pine, 10 Elm, 10 Ash, 10 Birch, 10 Maple, 10 Oak, 10 Walnut, 10 Cherry, 10 Peach, 10 Apple, 10 Pear, 10 Plum, 10 Quince, 10 Currant, 10 Raspberry, 10 Strawberry, 10 Blackberry, 10 Elder, 10 Hawthorn, 10 Dogwood, 10 Magnolia, 10 Nymphaea, 10 Ranunculus, 10 Anemone, 10 Delphinium, 10 Iris, 10 Narcissus, 10 Tulip, 10 Allium, 10 Crocus, 10 Primula, 10 Pinks, 10 Pansies, 10 Marigolds, 10 Zinnia, 10 Petunia, 10 Verbena, 10 Salvia, 10 Lavender, 10 Myrtle, 10 Boxwood, 10 Yew, 10 Holly, 10 Juniper, 10 Cedar, 10 Fir, 10 Spruce, 10 Pine, 10 Elm, 10 Ash, 10 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ALL SORTS.

A DEAR little thing—The diamond
ONLY one person in 500 owns a horse.
WON'T the coming man be a barber?
ONE-FIFTH of Norway is timber land.
A WOMAN'S rite—The marriage ceremony.

THE mother of vinegar is a very sharp old maid.

THE wind always finds something to blow about.
A CHASM that often separates friends—Sarcasm.

THE saw-mill runs to the tune of a log-rhythm.
THE route to the coal-bin is a hard road to travel.

"SHAKE," as the medicine bottle said to the invalid.

A MODERN philosopher says that men do not go to a pantry to buy pants.

NEVER argue. Consider it a loss of time, talent, patience and friendship.

AFTER all, the most beautiful hair is that of your first baby, which hasn't any.

It is estimated that in this country only one person in 500 owns a horse. Are we a neighborhood?

He said her hair was dyed; and, when she indignantly exclaimed, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

STRANGE, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.

"I am dying for love," said a melancholy young man, as he put the coal-black fluid on his mustache.

A CONTEMPORARY tells the ladies that they must "take heart." That's just what they have been doing for ages.

If women had the ballot, what would she do with it? It isn't long enough for a belt or big enough for a bustle.

It is said that Romulus, at the rape of the Sabines, wrote as a war-song the ballad: "If ever I seize to love."

PIDCOCKS are said to have been invented by Becker, at Nuremberg, in 1540, but are mentioned much earlier.

THERE is no barrel of claims, however watched and guarded, but the claim is there.

THERE is no tub of butter, however compounded, but has its lock of hair.

WHEN a writer swears because his articles are refused, it's a proof that rejected communications corrupt good manners.

ASTUTIOUSLY and facetiously are said to be the only two words in which the vowels follow one another in alphabetical order.

YOUNG sportsman—"Does your father preserve at all?" Ingenious maiden—"Oh, no; we use all our fruit for making tarts."

A SIGN on a barn in Preston, Ct., reads cheerfully: "The place to buy your coffin is at Graves Stone's undertaking establishment."

IN Scotland the marriage of parents subsequent to the birth of a child renders such child legitimate, and in England and Ireland it does not.

THEY say "a man is known by his associates." Of course he is; a man can't associate with people for any length of time without their knowing him.

It is not pleasant to see every one around you a bigger person than yourself. Yet this is a sight that many do see who are not dwarfs in stature.

NOTE the diary of a swell: "I have observed that my habits are very elastic in one direction; I suspect I could live up to almost any income."

SPILKINS saw a well-known leader of fashion ejected from his hotel the other night, whereupon he remarked that he had seldom seen a more stylish turn-out.

He told me that he was now regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said, "writing wrappers at \$3 per week."

GOVERNNESS—"Now, Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to Maude, ten to Edith, and three to you, what would it be?" Jack (aged 6)—"It wouldn't be fair."

TO EXTERMINATE COCKROACHES.—A mixture of red lead, Indian meal and molasses will be eagerly eaten by cockroaches, and will soon exterminate them.

BUSTLES having gone out of fashion, a richly-dressed woman wearing one of great size attracted the attention of the customs officers at Windsor, Canada. It was found to contain tea.

AN old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quetus upon a young man who chafed him upon his bald head in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

THE English nobility must certainly be a very dirty set of people. It is stated that the Duke of Portland has thirty farms on his hands, and Lord Willoughby has thirteen. Why don't they wash themselves?

A NEW use has been found for many a youth's headpiece, the utility of which has heretofore been questionable. It is discovered that young men's heads are primarily intended to keep their neckties from slipping off.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two cups milk, two full cups Indian meal, one cup molasses, salt to taste. Boil two-thirds of the milk to scald the meal; then add the molasses and the rest of the milk. Stir all together, and boil eight hours.

LEMON BUTTER.—One and a half cups white sugar, whites of three eggs, yolk of one, grated rind and juice of a lemon and a half, or two small ones; cook over a slow fire twenty minutes, stirring all the while. Very nice for tarts, or to be eaten as preserves.

THE application of manure to the orchard is too often neglected. Use well-rotted stable manure. It may be drawn on at any time during the winter, most easily when the ground is frozen. When spread, it should cover the whole ground, and not be heaped just about the trunks of the trees, where there are no small roots.

ACCORDING to the investigations of a Russian professor, Dr. Monassein, singing is an excellent means of preventing consumption, and for the development and strengthening of the chest it is more efficient than even gymnastic exercises. The professor has examined 220 singers varying in age from 9 to 56 years, and found that the chest is stronger among them than among persons of any other occupation.

"This night, the lovers lean
Upon the gate;
A nearing form is seen—
It is their fate.
A piercing scream from her
The welkin rent.
It was, as you infer,
Her part-ent.
The lover sought to scot.
Alas! too late.
He's hoisted with a boot
Beyond the gate.

Swedish Railways.

OF Swedish railways, I was told that some are managed by the State, while others, like our own, are private undertakings, for the benefit of the shareholders. In either case the motto "Slow and sure" seems to be adopted by the management. The trains are always slow, and generally sure to be behind time at the terminus. In either case, moreover, the arrangement of the trains seems specially adapted to the public inconvenience. The time-tables appear to be constructed on the plan of discomforting the traveler as much as it is possible, and giving him the fullest chance to exercise his patience. As a rule, he has the option of a couple of trains a day, and must be thankful for the privilege. He may take, say an express, which starts at 5 a. m., to carry him half-way, with the chance of his just missing a train that may convey him the remainder of his journey; or he may elect to wait till somewhat later in the day, when a through train is provided, which will go at a snail's pace, and land him at his destination about midnight. If he wants to catch a steamboat, which nominally plies in conjunction with the railroad, his fate may be far worse, and a day or two may pass ere the transit be completed. Seen simply on the map, and studied in the time-tables, the journey may seem facile and feasible enough; but when put in execution the plans which have been formed with an infinitude of trouble may prove of little profit. Obstacles start up at every stage along the route. Trains are so delayed that they fail to fit in as they are announced; a rattle-trap vehicle breaks down upon the road between the railway and the boat; or some ingenious misprint is discovered, when too late, which is fatal to the hope of accomplishing the journey within the time appointed. Grumblers, who growl over the bewilderingness of Bradshaw, should set themselves the task of working out the problem of a short cross-country trip by the figures which are furnished in the *Sveriges Kommunikationer*; the travelers who complain when the tidal train from Paris is some five minutes late should learn to exercise their patience by a little tour in Sweden.—*Good Words*.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

A good knight is never at loss for a lance.—*Italian Proverb*.

The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor and credit are all in one interest.—*Steele*.

WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Be thou like the bird perched upon some frail thing, who, although he feels the branch bending beneath him, yet loudly sings, knowing full well that he has wings.—*Count Agenor de Gasparin*.

The man who had no property to devise should not be unhappy. "I give and bequeath to my dear beloved wife and children a good name." Isn't that a good start to a last will? If a man can honestly and proudly write that, then descend to possessions that are expressed in figures, so much the better. But there is the best authority for giving the preference to the intangible bequest.

A WORSE thing can happen to a man than bankruptcy. His lack of business ability may be the cause of that—his inability to compete with his neighbor who has a larger capital and greater experience. But whatever the cause he need not be dishonest. If he is not he will have no trouble in making people believe he is honest, and then his good name is left, which is worth more than the greatest success won by ways that are dark.—*Golden Rule*.

A Trick of the Imagination.

By humoring the fancy of an invalid, an acute young surgeon made his fortune. He was summoned to visit a very wealthy single lady, far advanced in years, who had been suffering from an alleged bristle of her tooth-brush that had fastened itself in her throat. She stated that she had consulted many eminent surgeons, but they had uniformly assured her, after critical inspection, that she was only the victim of a nervous delusion, that her throat was perfectly healthy, that the disturbance was only in her imagination. "And so they go on, the stupid, perverse, obstinate creatures," concluded the poor lady, "saying there is nothing the matter with me, while I am dying, dying, dying." The surgeon caught his cue, and was equal to the occasion, and, after examining her throat with much deliberation, announced that she was quite right—that the other physicians were mistaken; he could see 'out end of the bristle low down, almost the end of sight, and if she would permit, he would run home, get his instruments, and extract it instantly. Certainly; that was the very thing she was longing for. The surgeon presently returned with a delicate forceps, in the teeth of which he concealed a bristle from a tooth-brush. The lady threw her head back; the surgeon introduced his forceps—a prick, a shiver, a scream, and it was all over. The surgeon, with a smiling face was closely inspecting the extracted bristle. The lady was in raptures; she immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of her savior as she called the surgeon. From that fortunate day his fortune was made.

A WOMAN who was called as a witness in an assault case tried in the Edinburgh police court recently, on being asked by the magistrate what was the profession of her husband, answered, promptly, "My husband is a bankrupt, sir."

Mother Worship in India—Strange Traditions.

A writer in the London *Athenæum* says: "Mother worship, in some form or other, is the popular worship in India. In the first place, every living mother is venerated as a kind of deity by her children. Then almost every village has its own special guardian mother, called Mata, or Amba, or, in the South of India, Amman. There are about 140 distinct mothers in Gujarat, declared by the Brahmins to be different forms of Shiva's consort. They are really the representatives of ancient local deities (Grama devatas) worshiped by the inhabitants from time immemorial. I visited a small village near Kaira, presided over by a mother worshiped under the name Khodivar (Mischief), because she is supposed, when in an amiable mood, to shield them from harm. Nor is she undervalued when her temper is ruffled by neglect. If an epidemic breaks out among the villagers, Mother Mischief is believed to be offended, and must be appeased by extraordinary offerings, and perhaps by blood. Another mother, in a neighboring village, is worshiped under the name of Untai. She has the special function of preventing or producing cough in children. Another, named Beral, prevents cholera; another, called Maraki (popularly Muski), causes cholera; another, Hadakai, controls mad dogs and prevents hydrophobia; another, Asa-puri, represented by two idols, satisfies the hopes of wives by giving children. The offering of goat's blood to some of these mothers is supposed to be very effective. The animals are not always killed. A story is told of a clever Hindu doctor who cured a whole village of influenza by simply assembling the inhabitants and solemnly letting loose a pair of soap-gaols into a neighboring wood infested by demons. The power of at least one well-disposed mother in Gujarat is exerted in a remarkable way for the benefit of women after childbirth. Among a very low-caste set of basket-makers—called Pomla—it is the usual practice of a wife to go about her work immediately after delivery, as if nothing had happened. The presiding Mata of the tribe is supposed to transfer her weakness to her husband, who takes to his bed, and has to be supported for several days on nourishing food."

A Bit of Daring.

A Western paper tells the story of Steve Venard's fight with three robbers in 1866. The stage coming to Nevada, Col., had been robbed by three men, and the treasure-box taken. A party set out for its recovery. Venard, armed with a Henry rifle, followed the trail alone into one of the wildest and roughest of spots in that wild and rugged region. The hills hung steep above. The waters of the ravine came tumbling down its steep bed of bowlders with a rush and a noise which rendered no other sounds audible. Venard attempted to cross the stream at the head of the fall. He walked on a short log to a rock. Above him rose the huge mass of granite, buttressed in front by two smaller rocks. Between these latter was an alley which led to the base of the Titan. His position was such as to look up the alley. At the base of the great rock Venard discovered the leader of the gang sitting on the ground drawing his revolver. Venard leveled his rifle upon the robber, twenty feet distant. At the same time he saw another of the gang pointing at him over the edge of a rock. There was no time to change his aim. He fired; the leader fell back, shot through the heart. The other robber attempted to shield himself farther behind a rock, leaving the point of his pistol exposed over the top. Venard covered the spot with his unerring Henry, and when the head of the robber peered over the top his brain was pierced with a bullet. There was yet another, but he was not to be seen. His pistol might at that moment be pointing at Venard. The latter clambered up to beard him in his den. He found the treasure, took the pistols from the dead, covered quickly the former with earth and leaves, and proceeded to hunt the missing robber. He found him running up the mountain, sixty yards or more ahead. Venard fired and the robber fell. Another bullet, and the last robber rolled down the hill—dead.

Character in Voices.

I have noticed as a fact that struck me as being peculiar that the bravest and largest wild animals always had deep voices, and that they were generally melodious, full of music as it were; while the small fry, which would run from a common crow, had high, sharp voices. I have hunted with some of the bravest men, the best scouts in the West, and I found that they also had heavy tones as a rule, and deduced from this that the highest order of animals, those that were brave and daring, were also deep in voice, and that their intonations never jarred on the ear. When I saw that the heroes in an opera were tenors, it struck me as an odd idea that thin-voiced animals were seldom courageous in actual life as their deeper-toned congeners, and this has caused me to express it here, to see if it is in any way founded on fact, or whether it is a mere artificial system of display.—*"Sporting Adventures in the Far West."*

Couldn't Get Up.

A fashionable lady at San Francisco attired herself in a party dress, and had a full-length photograph taken. Enveloping her tightly-laced finery in a balloon cloak, she descended to the street, hailed a street-car, and seated herself within. When her street was reached she motioned to the conductor, and attempted to rise. But so tightly was the poor thing harnessed that she couldn't get up, and, blushing scarlet, she told the conductor that she would go a few blocks further. When the terminus of the line was reached, and the last gentleman had left the car, the conductor asked her if she wanted to ride back. "No, sir," she replied, with sweet simplicity, "I merely want some help, for I can't get up." The conductor set her on her feet, and she walked home a wiser woman.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SNORING.

A writer in the *Scientific Monthly* tells how the habit of snoring is acquired, and, better, how it may be cured. And, first, the cause: We all know that the air reaches the lungs through two channels, the nose and the mouth. The two currents meet in the throat below the soft palate, the end of which hangs loose and swings backward and forward, producing the snoring. If the air reaches the lungs as it should, through the nose, no noise will be made. If it reaches the same through the mouth, the palate will make more noise, since it is not the natural channel, but when it rushes through both channels, then it is that the sound sleeper banishes rest from the pillows of his companions by his hideous noise. The remedy for snoring is to keep the mouth closed; and for this purpose Dr. Wyeth, the writer of the article referred to, has invented an article so cheap that any one can make it, and no snorer should be without it. It consists of a simple cap fitting the head snugly, and a piece of soft material fitting the chin. These are connected by elastic webbing, which is connected with the head-cap near the ears. This contrivance prevents the jaw from dropping down, and thereby renders snoring impossible. The great trouble will be to get people to adopt this invention, since the most honest and upright people rarely, if ever, admit that they snore, and will be very indignant if accused of it. As a further inducement to this contrivance of Dr. Wyeth, it may be added that breathing through the mouth is very detrimental to the health, and that many diseases of the throat and lungs are contracted or aggravated thereby.

He Got Something Frisky.

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a livery stable, and called for a saddle-horse; "something that will prance about lively and wake a fellow out of his lethargy? I used to ride the trick mules in a circus, and I reckon I can back anything that wears hair." They brought him out a calico-colored beast with a vicious eye, and he mounted it and dashed off. Before he had gone two blocks the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawn-mower. They bore him home, straightened him out, and three surgeons came in and reduced his dislocations and plastered him up with raw beef. A few weeks later he called at the stable and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb bit and martingales, and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the haymow and gallop around a little where it was soft and it wouldn't hurt him if he went to sleep and fell off as he did the other day.—*Baltimore Bulletin*.

"Woven Air."

The Decca mounds of India are among the most wonderful evidences of the hand-skill of the strange people of the mysterious East. These fabrics, which are spun and woven entirely by hand, and are the product of obscure and curious processes, unknown to and unattainable by the Western nations, like the fabrication of Damascus steel and the making of camel-hair shawls, are marvels of ingenuity and skill, and they illustrate the poetry of cotton. The most delicate of these fabrics is known by the name of "woven air." It can only be made in the early morning and in the evening, when the air is full of moisture and the dew is on the grass. The processes by which it is woven are kept secret, and the people who do the work are compelled first to pass through a long course of training and imitation. Their delicate wares are of such ethereal texture as to be almost invisible, and yet are so enduring that they will bear washing and wear in a wonderful manner. This precious stuff is monopolized for the use of the ladies of the Oriental harems, and is said to be worth hundreds of dollars per yard.

Sewer-Gas and Disease.

The authorities of one of the largest hospitals in London took measures to ventilate all the drains and sewers in connection with their institution. Up to the time these alterations were made, pyæmia and erysipelas had almost driven the medical staff to despair. When the whole of the ventilation was completed, and as soon as the pressure was removed from the traps of the closets and the lavatories, no fresh cases were found to occur. For months the hospital wards were free from both erysipelas and pyæmia. Suddenly, however, there was a fresh outbreak of these diseases, but it was noticed that the epidemic was confined to one of the surgical wards, built apart from the main building, on the pavilion plan, and having one story. Close investigation proved that the ventilation pipe in this wing had been stopped up by a careless workman. When this was remedied, all traces of the epidemic disappeared.

A Valuable Plant.

The sunflower is turned to extraordinary account in Lithuania. The seeds yield at first pressure excellent salad oil, and the residue forms excellent oil cake for cattle, who are also fond of the leaves and stalks chopped up. The flowers a little short of bloom are, when cooked, nearly as good as artichokes, and are in the garden very attractive to bees. The leaf, well dried, is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting paper, and the inner part of the stalk is made into a fine writing paper. The more woody portions of the plant, which attains great size, are used for fuel. The best is obtained in the Crimea. As an anti-malarial agent the sunflower is most valuable.—*Field and Farm*.

THE wife of a defeated candidate in Massachusetts, the day after an election, presented her husband with trip-lets. He did not arrive at home until the next day; then he was shown his offspring, one at a time, until all three had been exhibited, when, looking at his wife, he asked: "Are the returns all in, Maria?"

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Dated April 7, 1878.
H. E. SARGENT,
General Manager, St. Paul.
G. G. SANBORN, H. A. TOWNE,
Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, St. Paul.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

THE RARE.
Begin!—and round me glowed
Huge masks, with staring eyes—
And smiles, and more and more—
After saw in pantomimic story.
I had no sense of time; nor overmuch
A sense of anything.
I woke!—my eyes confronted with a glory
That made them open more and more,
It seemed they'd crack to take it in.
And, a wall of black world supervene,
I'd try to fight it off, a d'ry aloud!
The light was out!
Brief, brief candle!

THE LOVER.
Another spell—'twas more than one at school,
Yet taught me more than ought be taught;
A being like myself,
But unlike more—a finer—fairer—
To every sense and thought a newer zest
And newer meaning.
How great had been the void
That now was burning o'er!
What measure's depth could hold it all!
Riches untold; a world unknown before;
The ideal—and I worshipped.
'Twas burning then, was life and love—
Brief, brief candle!

THE OLD MAN.
The further on, I've staying power—
For from a zone, snuffed out
As though they never had been—
Whist! I, who misa then here, live on alone!
A retrospect of glories
And just ahead—my own.
There's over all a bloody line—
And I, who once was young and more
At sea, with duty, love's eyes—
The flame of life is burning blue!
And dwindling in the final flicker!

But at the best it gives me handle
To ask if it were worth the candle?
Brief, brief candle!

—G. A. J. in Scribner's "Dread-Deed."

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

We were tired of boarding, my husband and I; had been tired of it for some time, and this morning of which I write matters had reached a crisis. The steak was burned, omelet flabby, coffee weak. The last thing my husband said to me as he was about to leave the house was:

"You had better look around to-day, and if you can find a nice flat or part of a house, for \$50 or \$60 a month, secure it."

So behold me an hour later, diligently perusing the columns of the *Herald*. Ah! what is this?

AT WILLIAMS' BRIDGE.—A cozy, partly-furnished cottage of ten rooms, surrounded by fruit-trees, one acre of ground, rent, \$50 per month. Only five minutes' walk from depot. Inquire of the blacksmith for keys, particulars, etc.

That advertisement was very alluring to me. Visions of a hammock under shady trees, of clucking motherly hens and little downy broods of chickens; of a broad piazza, gay with hanging baskets of beautiful plants, and made comfortable by low, broad-armed rockers, and a soft, wooing, perfume-laden breeze, which should always wander through it.

Visions of all these delectable things ran through my head, and I sprung to my feet, donned dress, bonnet and gloves, and then I remembered I had forgotten to ask hubbie for money, and I had very little in my portmouaie. Ah, well! never mind. There was enough to take me to Williams' bridge and back, and with that comforting reflection I started out.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring, and I was gorgeous in a new suit of Bismarck brown, bonnet and gloves to match. I would not hide its glories by a wrap of any kind, and indeed I did not feel the necessity of one, so soft were the breezes abroad that morning, so warm the sun.

I took the cars at the Forty-second street depot, and soon arrived at my destination. I found the blacksmith without any difficulty, and stated my business.

"Will you walk or ride over, ma'am?"

"Why! I will walk. It cannot be far."

"Well, ma'am. I don't mind going over with you to show the house; but unless you're a purty fast walker it'll take you nigh onto two hours to go and return."

"Oh! I said, 'not that house; this one—see?' showing him the advertisement. 'Only five minutes' walk from the depot.'"

"Yes, I know that's what it says, and I've often said it wasn't just the thing for Seth Howard to be so like thunder about that house. Will you ride over, ma'am?"

What a disappointment! There was no use in looking at a house so far from the depot.

"No, I thank you. When does the next train leave for the city?"

"At 3 o'clock, ma'am."

Three o'clock. And it was but 12 now. My fine new frock, that had been so comfortable in the sheltered city streets, was uncomfortable enough here. The wind came sweeping over the vast open space around me. I shivered with cold. The blacksmith seemed to take pity on my forlorn condition.

"If you don't want to wait that long, ma'am, my boy'll drive you down to the Four Corners for 50 cents, and from there you can take the horse-cars to the city."

I gladly accepted this proposition, and ten minutes later "the boy"—a shock-headed, sleepy-eyed person of 25 or so—drove up for me, and we started.

Oh! that drive to the Four Corners—shall I ever forget it?

The wind panted my cheeks and nose, threw dust in my eyes, and went straight through my shivering, defenseless body. At last the gentle yo-thr! at my side drove up before a little one-story structure, and informed me that we had reached our destination. I saw no car in sight, and said so.

"Well, ye see, ma'am, they don't run very often—every half hour or so. Maybe you won't have long to wait. Gee up, there."

And he was off without more ado.

The little dwelling was the only house in sight. It's paper shades bore the legend, "Oysters and billiards."

It was very cold. I opened the door.

It opened on a narrow passage, with a door on either side. To the right was a kitchen; to the left the saloon. Two men were seated at one of the tables therein. A big, raw-boned Irish woman stepped to the door of the kitchen and asked what she could do for me. I told her I was very cold, and asked permission to stand by her stove a minute while waiting for the car.

"Certainly, ma'am. Walk right in here, ma'am."

And she dusted a chair with her apron and placed it by the stove for me.

At the same time she snatched her fingers, and a huge mastiff, who was lying under the table, arose, and stretched himself across the threshold of the door.

Something in the action struck me as being queer.

I glanced at the two men in the saloon. The one facing me was talking in a low tone to his companion, who was looking over his shoulder at me. Two more villainous faces I never beheld. I was alarmed. No one knew of my visit to Williams' bridge. How easily I could be murdered in this lonely place.

I looked at the woman. Her face was broad and stolid, and she was looking sharply at me from under beetling brows, with little, beady, black eyes. I glanced with a sinking heart at the dog. His head was stretched out between his huge paws, his eyes, red and horrible, gazed at me most steadily. I shuddered.

"Is it afraid of the dog ye are, ma'am? Ah, thin, never fear. Sure he'll not touch ye unless I give the word, and thin I'd not give a goat for yer life. Ah, he's a good dog, is Rory. Perhaps ye'd like to know how that same dog saved me life, ma'am?"

And then, not waiting for an answer: "Ye see this is the only place of the kind for three miles round, and I do a nice little business here. But Saturday is me day. I gives a nice little lunch of chowder, and bread and cheese, and that brings 'em all here. You may be bound I rakes in a nate little pile of silver."

"Well, one Saturday night, after a roaring business, I closed me house at 12 o'clock, as is me custom, and then went up to me little room under the roof to count me money. Ye wouldn't think there was a room up there, would ye, ma'am? Well, there is, thin. It's little enough, but it's there, with a little windie and a shed under it that slopes nearly to the ground. Well, I seated myself at a little table, and I took out me money. I put the dollars (there wasn't many of them) by themselves, the half dollars by themselves, the quarters by themselves, and so on."

"Well, there it was, all out on the table, a shinin' most beautiful, when—holy mother of Moses! what should I see on the floor formin' me, but a man's shadow! I turned, and he clutched me. He was a strong man, but I am a strong woman, and a desperate one then, too. I had worked long and hard for that money, and I fought for it. I was holding me own pretty well, when the comb fell out of me hair. Down it come, and before ye could say Jack Robinson, that villain twisted his hand in it. He pulled me head back, I saw the gleam of a knife, and I just closed me eyes and put up a little prayer to the Virgin, and in that instant there came a crash of glass, a rushing sound, and that dog had me gentleman by the throat."

"Well, ma'am, I held on to the hand that held the knife and called 'police!' and for once they came when they were wanted. And that man's in the penitentiary now, serving out a term of years. But tell me, ma'am—was it the Virgin, thin, you sent Rory?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it. And now, my good woman, I am very grateful to you for the seat at your warm fire, and if you will allow me to give you a trifle you will please me very much. Unfortunately, I have but a small amount with me. See," opening my portmouaie wide—"only 50 cents. You are quite welcome to half of it."

She came and looked in the portmouaie as I held it open, one of the ill-looking men in the adjoining room slouching to the door and looking also. She took the money, snapped her fingers again, and the huge beast arose and left the threshold clear.

With a beating heart I left the room, and once more stood free and unharmed but in God's pure sunlight and fresh air.

And now was I in any danger, I wonder, or did I only imagine their faces were sinister and their actions strange? Well, I shall never know now, for I have no desire to visit the Four Corners again in order to ascertain.

The Men Who Were Not Hanged.

I got fabulously taken in on that occasion," said the Duke. "The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it; and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged on the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provost. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely, and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and had the desired effect; there was no more plundering; when, some months afterward, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital, they hung them up and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, Duke?" "Well, I suppose I was at first, but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."—*Life of Wellington.*

A Woman's Opinion of Men.

Mrs. Duniway, of the New Northwest, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the gentlemen as follows: "God bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they con-

troel our privacy, and but-mancuvre us in everything. This would be a dreary world without 'em. In fact, I may say, without 'em it wouldn't be much of a world, anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it. "As husbands they are never convenient, and not always on hand; as beaux, they are by no means to be matched. They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State fairs, and indispensable at oyster-saloons. They are splendid as escorts to some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are far better than women! As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, nothing to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for woman's rights, and even brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father, we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we could, we'd fly for them—
We'd do anything but die for them."

Kicking Over the Matrimonial Traies.
On Tuesday a stranger named Isaiah Bennett, who claimed a residence in New Jersey, and a young lady, named Hattie Coleman, from Louisiana, entered the office of Justice Monahan, and expressed a desire to be united. The ceremony was duly performed, the customary fee paid, and the couple departed apparently happy in the consciousness that they were man and wife. Half an hour afterward Isaiah returned alone, with a look of intense sadness on his countenance, and inquired for the Justice. The latter had gone home and Mr. Beck, his clerk, was engaged in writing at his desk, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Where's the 'Squire?"

"He's just gone out."

"Well, sir (excitedly), I want to get divorced."

"Divorced?" queried Beck, in astonishment. "Why, man, you've only just been married."

"Can't help it. I want ter be divorced."

"What for?"

"Well, because I've been to see a parson, and he says that marriage won't stick; that it ain't no good, that's all; that we ain't married right."

"Well," replied Beck, rather sharply, "you tell that parson that he don't know what he's talking about. There never was a stronger marriage made in this office than yours, and you can bet that it'll stick, and stick tight, too."

"Well, he says it ain't no good, and I want ter get divorced."

"I can't divorce you. If the marriage ain't good why just let that parson marry you over again."

"Yes, that would be fine, wouldn't it. Git married agin, an' git myself in a box for committin' bigamy. Oh, no! I ain't no such a fool. I'll git divorced fast, an' then I'll git married agin."

"Well, you'll have to go to a higher court for your divorce. You can't get it here. You're married, and that settles it."

"We'll see about that," said Isaiah, as he hurried out of the office. As he did not return, it is supposed that the state of affairs was explained to him.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Sorrows of Genius.

Homer was a beggar.
Spenser died in want.
Cervantes died of hunger.
Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave.
Dryden lived in poverty and distress.
Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold.
Butler lived a life of penury, and died poor.
Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.
Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.
Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with all.
Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for 5 shillings.
Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.
Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger.
Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at 18.
Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected.
The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.
Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for the debt of \$40.
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.
Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.
Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for \$75, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

Cigars Not Necessarily Tobacco.

We are glad to see that judicial notice has been taken of the fact that cigars are not necessarily "tobacco," for we have been of that opinion ourselves more than once. In an English court an ex parte prosecution was heard against a hawker who was charged with selling tobacco at a fair without a license. A laborer proved buying two cigars, for which he paid 3d, at the defendant's stall. He afterward, at the request of an officer of inland-revenue, went and purchased another cigar, which defendant took from a box on his stall. For the defense, his counsel said that the defendant was a cripple, almost penniless, and it was strange that the excise should lay a trap to catch him as they have done; but, after the explanation he should offer, he thought the bench would have no hesitation in dismissing the case. The defendant was charged with selling tobacco without having a license. Not a word was said about cigars in the act; and he submitted that cigars might and did consist chiefly of hay and cabbage leaves, and that, in fact, they were not "tobacco" at all. The prosecuting counsel replied, but the bench agreed with the defendant's counsel, and dismissed the case.—*Central Law Journal.*

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Managing Mammas.
She walks up and down the marriage mart, And swells with triumph as her wares depart; In velvet clad, with well-bejeweled hands, She has a smile for him who owns broad lands, And wears her noxious plumes with rare effect In passing poverty with head erect. She tries each would-be suitor in the scale— That social scale whose balance does not fail; So much for wealth, so much for noble blood, Deduct for age, or for some chancing mood, And, dauntless, too, well tutored by her art, All undisturbed in her game she parts; Or, weakly passive, yields themselves to fate, Knowing full well resistance is too late. Thus are the victims to the altar led; With shining robes and flowers upon the head; There, at the holy shrine, amid sacred (?) vows, She fancies heaven will bless what earth allows, And sells her child to Mammon with a smile, While Mephistopheles approves the style!

Common Sense of Women.
To tell the truth, we are surprised that the women folks show the amount of common sense they do. Young man, supposing you were told, say twenty times a day, how bright your eyes are, how magnificent tresses are yours, how enchanting your society is; how nicest, sweetest, best you are; how long, think you, before you would develop into the assist kind of a jackass—always provided you were not one at the start?

Masculine and Feminine Morality.
I could never understand the opposite systems of weights and measures which have been established for gang-morality among men and women. The strictest among us allow that a young man should sow his wild oats; but who ever admitted the same necessity in the case of girls? We say that man should have his amusements—his clubs, cigars, race horses, flirtations and liquorings; but supposing our women and girls came to us reeking of tobacco? Supposing they addicted themselves openly to nips of grog and absinthe when their spirits were low? Supposing they sat down to quiet rubbers of whist or ecarte, gambling away their household money to while off the dull hours? We demand so much excellence of our women that the worst of them are still better than the average man. I have known some women who were social outcasts, and who in point of heart, conduct and general moral rectitude, might have furnished stuff for the making of upright gentlemen, indeed. They had fallen once, it is true, but what a fearful penalty they had been made to pay for that one slip, while, by comparison, the kindred penalties of men are so slight. If a young man gets mixed up in some disgraceful entanglement, breaks a heart, and throws a young girl upon the streets, after having ruined her life, people say of him, compassionately, by-and-by, "He was so young when he did it, and now he has turned over a new leaf," but if an inexperienced girl, a mere child of 16 or 17, comes to harm through a moment's weakness, born of too much love and over-confidence in her betrayer, who ever thinks of pleading her youth as an excuse? Who ever urges, seriously, that a girl "has turned over a new leaf?"—*Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D.*

How She Kept an Expense Account.
"My dear fellow," said Lavender, "it's all very nice to talk about economizing and keeping a right rigid account of expenses and all that sort of thing, but I've tried it. Two weeks ago I stopped on my way home Saturday night, and I bought just the gayest little Russia-leather, cream-laid paper account book you ever saw, and a silver pencil to match it. I said to my wife, after supper: 'My dear, it seems to me that it costs a lot of money to keep house.'"

"She sighed and said, 'I know it does, Lavvy, but I'm sure I can't help it. I'm just as economical as I can be. I don't spend half as much money for candy as you do for cigars.'"

"I never take any notice of personalities, so I sailed right ahead. 'I believe, my dear, that if we were to keep a strict account of everything we spend we could tell just where to cut down. I've bought you a little account book, and every Monday morning I'll give you some money, and you can set it down on one side, and then during the week you can set down on the other side everything you spend, and then on Saturday night we can go over it and see just where the money goes and how we can boil things down a little.'"

"Well, sir, she was just delighted—thought it was a first-rate plan, and the pocket account book was lovely—regular David Copperfield and Dora business. Well, sir, the next Saturday night we got through supper and she brought out the account book as proud as possible, and handed it over for inspection. On one side was, 'Received from Lavvy \$50. That's all right! Then I looked on the other page, and what do you think was there? 'Spent it all!' Then I laughed, and, of course, we gave up the account-book racket on the spot, by mutual consent. Yes, sir, I've been there, and I know what domestic economy means, I tell you. Let's have a cigar."

The Longest Avenue in the World.

Dr. Finsch, in his narrative of travels to Western Siberia, tells us that the great road from Nijni-Novgorod to Tiumen, in Siberia, is bordered, with a few gaps, by an alley of birches, which are sometimes in double rows. This, as Dr. Finsch ventures to conjecture, must be the longest avenue in the world. It was planted by order of Catherine II, and was to have been continued to Irkutsk. It was forbidden under the severest penalties—banishment to Siberia or death—to fell the smallest of these trees, a precaution without which this unique avenue would never have been finished. Many of these trees are now shattered by age, and those planted in their stead are no longer protected against damage or destruction by laws so severe as formerly. But it is pretty well known that the Russian is indifferent or hostile to trees. On the other hand, as the winter snows become heaped up in mounds around their trunks, which renders the road difficult for sledges, it is a serious question whether this avenue should not be taken away.—*London Times.*

A young man of Troy, N. Y., had

promised to marry a young lady, but when the hour for the wedding arrived he was not present to grace the scene. His brother was, however, and told the expectant bride that he would marry her, upon which she naively said, "I always

liked you better than your brother, anyhow, and I'll marry you." A wedding ceremony followed.

A Benevolent Israelite.
About twenty-five years ago, a rich Jew died in New Orleans. The city mourned Judan Touro. He had cheered hundreds by his secret beneficence, and among merchants had been honored as "the Israelite without guile." He was an eccentric man. Money flowed into his coffers, and yet he did not love it of itself, nor for the luxuries it placed at his command. He lived in a plain way, and did a large business with but a single clerk.

He had but one purpose—and it was his single passion—to do good to men. To carry it out he toiled and denied himself.

He gave away, secretly, thousands of dollars during his life. At his death half of his large fortune was left to charitable and religious institutions. The other half was given to a friend who saved his life at the battle of New Orleans.

An anecdote illustrates his eccentric benevolence.

A poor widow, with several children, had not a cent. She was without food or decent clothes. Her rent was overdue, and the landlord threatened to turn her into the street.

In her misery she thought of the rich Jew. He was known as a benevolent man; he might take pity on her. She went to him and began to tell her pitiful story.

Long before she had concluded, Mr. Touro had filled up a check. Giving it to her, he begged her to go and draw it at once. She presented it at the bank, and the teller, seeing her badly dressed, refused to pay it.

Thinking that Mr. Touro had insulted her, she hastened back, and, handing him the check, remarked that it ill became a rich man to mock a poor widow.

"My dear madam," said the astonished Israelite, "it is all I can spare to-day; it is, I know, a small sum, but it is all I can spare now."

"But the bank officer refused to give anything for it," replied the woman.

"Oh, yes! I see it all; he requires proof of your identity. Here," turning to the clerk, "go down to the bank with this lady, and tell them to pay the check."

As the check was for \$1,500, the teller had properly refused to pay it to a woman whom he did not know and who was so forlorn-looking.

Now Russian Wolves Capture Wild Horses.
Whenever wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too careless and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flanks of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defense. The wolf before then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half the time I have been describing it the horse is on its side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop; but the small-fry of followers keep at a respectful distance until their superiors are gorged, and then take their turn unmolested.

Evolution of Ceremonial Institutions.
You may have faith or not, just as you please, in Herbert Spencer's scientific speculations. But you must admit that there is much ingenuity, and no small amount of interest, in the following speculations in reference to the evolution of "Ceremonial institutions." Here is the "gist" of his arguments, according to the *Athenaeum*:

"Ceremonies are prior to social, and even to the human, evolution. The little dog that falls on his back and holds up his paws when he meets a big dog is performing a propitiatory ceremony. He is as good as saying to the big dog: 'Don't bite a dog when he is down; bite one of your own weight.' Now, the majority, the immense majority, of human ceremonies are relics of a similar process of propitiation. The savage who rolls on his back and slaps his thighs to welcome his visitor is not many stages in advance of the little dog. The lady who kisses the Queen's hand when she is presented is carrying out the practice of the cow who licks her calf. The calf is licked because that process gives the cow a pleasant sense of possession in her offspring. From licking, kissing, or sniffing as an agreeable, affectionate process came the custom of licking, kissing, or sniffing as a sign of affection, and so of propitiation of a superior, who naturally likes to be licked, and of that propitiation the ceremony of kissing the Queen's hand is a survival. Mr. Spencer traces a vast number of other ceremonies to acts of propitiation. He keeps insisting that propitiation the living to the propitiation of the ghosts of the dead, and that in this way the religious ceremonies of Christianity, and of other creeds, are all connected in the long run with the timid little dog and his prostrations."

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Miss Spinner.
Busy Miss Spinner stood just this view: What was she plotting so strange and new? Spinning and weaving a web in the light; Throwing her threads and drawing them tight. Window she had none to look on the street; Little she cared for the passing of feet; But, when a fly's wings she heard buzzing that way, Up hopped little Spinner and bade him good-day! She set him a chair and invited him in; Her tones were intended to charm and to win. "You look so nice, Mr. Fly, with the heat; Pray stop in a moment and try a cool seat."

She talked, and she fanned, and she felt his hot head, And thought that a doctor would order him bled. Mr. Fly, feeling pleased with her words and her care, Did not know who was tying him fast to his chair. Being now in her power, any child can tell why There was little hope left for that innocent fly! He had just found her out, and was buzzing with fear, When little boy Freddy came sauntering near.

A moment he stood, watching Spinner at work; Then he broke up her web with a quick, angry jerk. He knelt on the ground, little Spinner to hunt, When along came good Billy and gave him a punt. Mr. Fly flew away, very glad to escape; Spinner ran up a vine and had under a grape; Freddy went for the goat, with a laugh on his face, And Miss Spinner's plot ended up in a race!

Young Bears.
Young bears have always been great favorites as pets, being playful and affectionate when kindly treated. They can be trained to perform all kinds of amusing tricks, and their antics when playing together or with children are very laughable. They have been taught to execute difficult parts in theatrical displays, among other things, to ring bells, pretend to fall dead when shot at, beat the drum, and go through the manual exercise of the soldier with the musket. But, though playful and harmless when young, they cannot be trusted when their teeth and claws are full grown. Then their good nature can not be counted on; and many instances have occurred in which they have repaid friendly confidence with sudden treachery. It must be said in their favor, however, that their wildness is often the result of bad treatment or thoughtless teasing. There is a story in print of a planter in Louisiana who once picked up a young cub that had either been abandoned by its mother or had run away from its parental den. He carried it home and threw it down in the yards, where it was immediately adopted by the little negroes. It became a great favorite with them, sharing their corn-bread and taking part in all their sports. "Billy"—that was the name given to him—thrived and grew large and stout, and learned to box and wrestle with the boys so well that visitors to the plantation were always entertained with these droll exhibitions. But one day in the spring, when he had been about a year in captivity, Billy was detected making free with the young cabbages in the garden. A stout negro man picked up a branch of rose-bush and gave the marauder a playful stroke. Filled with rage, Billy sprang upon the man, shook him as if he had been a bundle of straw, and bit him so severely that he died. Billy was at once shot. A pet that could not control his temper better than that was considered rather too dangerous to keep.

The Pig and the Rat.—A pig, so fat that it could hardly move, once lolling indolently in its sty saw a poor, half-starved rat, that, with much timid alertness, stole from its hiding-place, and, after seizing one of the many grains of corn that lay scattered around, quickly escaped with his prize, and with very much the air of a beggar who had asked for something to eat, and had then run away, ashamed to be seen.

"You poor creature," grunted the pig, "what a life you lead; half starved and half frozen! Behold me, now! Here I am—a person of consequence, carefully fed and attended to, with every morning fresh, sweet straw thrown to me to make my bed soft and warm. As for you, poor creature, it is only at the risk of your life, by constant labor and struggles with your fellow-creatures, and even by beggary, to speak of nothing worse, that you can contrive to live at all."

"Please to recollect," said the rat, as he passed for a moment at the mouth of his hole, "when you heap your pity upon me, that you receive favors and benefits not on account of the love your master bears you, nor on account of your own worthiness, but because of the use which he intends making of you, when he has fattened you up to his liking. As for me, I do not live in constant fear of the butcher's knife, and I think it is likely that I shall keep my place in the world, poor as it is, much longer than you will keep yours."

The Sapling and the Sycamore.—A tender sapling, to protect itself, from the various perils attendant upon its existence, had grown closely to the trunk of a large and powerful sycamore, finding there security from danger.

One day, however, a terrible storm arose, and the sycamore, in spite of its struggles, was hurled prostrate upon the earth. In its fall it not only crushed the sapling beneath its huge bulk, but tore its very roots from the earth where it grew.

"Alas!" said the dying sapling, "how foolish it is to place utter dependence upon the strength of another!"

Noah's Tomb.
A road practicable for wheeled vehicles leads along the plain to Baal-bea, a distance of about forty miles—a pleasant road, for the first hour skirting the lower Lebanon spurs, and winding between hedges of roses in bloom and through richly-cultivated country. I turned off from it before it became hot and dull, at the village of Mualaka, celebrated as containing the mortal remains of Noah, whose tomb is shown to the credulous stranger. Its dimensions are 104 feet long by 10 broad, and it conveys some idea of the size of the human race before they evolved backward, as it were, to their present dimensions. As Noah lived to the age of 950 years, and built an ark large enough to contain specimens of every living thing on the face of the globe, there seems to be no reason why he should not himself have been over 100 feet high.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A GRAVE-YARD.—Thirty-six inches of black crape.

TRIBUNE TURNOVERS

IN THE SHAPE OF LOCAL ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Dishes of the Mysterious Hash-ed Up Fine for Quick Consumption and Easy Digestion.—Sat

Pulchra si Sat Bona.

Good Friday. Snow birds are disappearing. Dunn & Co., Druggists, 92 Main St. Miller's stylographic pens work to perfection.

Gerin and Hayden are amusing the people of Fargo.

Stoyell's law office on Fourth street is nearly completed.

The Tribune received over 300 pounds of mail by the recently blockaded train.

The circulation of THE TRIBUNE has increased nearly 300 since the first of January.

The wild geese are going north in large flocks. Spring always follows in their wake.

Although Proctor's pardon has been obtained, he will not return to this city for some time yet.

Mr. John O'Hara, late of Whitney's Opera House, is playing a successful engagement at Fargo.

May Kirk is having Camp Hancock cleaned up and it will soon present an attractive appearance.

Bids for carrying the Mandan mail seven times a week will be received by the Mandan P. M. until March 29th.

Monday, April 26th, will be the sixtieth anniversary of the establishment of the order of Odd Fellows in the United States.

Subject of discourse at City Hall next Sunday morning, "Creation or Evolution?" Text, Gen. 1-1. Services commence at 11 a. m., local time.

The Sheridan House has undergone a thorough spring renovation. Mr. Hurd has good taste and has the house (also) cleaned and fixed up in elegant shape.

Bismarck is becoming quite a Sunday city. More people attended the various churches last Sunday than on any other Sabbath since Bismarck was founded.

Mr. James Goss, of Michigan, has arrived in the city, and will open a law office. He comes well recommended and will add strength to the legal fraternity.

The Indians are beginning to come around again. Spring brings them out. A dozen or more of them are at present located about half a mile northwest of the city.

The Tribune job office has received a large invoice of the latest styles of plain and ornamental type, Japanese borders, etc., and is now turning out the finest work this side of St. Paul.

The gentle western zephyrs will soon wait the aroma of departed horses and mules now lying in the vicinity of Washington Ave. That the city fathers may get a whiff is the Tribune's wish.

As a spring resort for "commercial tourists," Bismarck seems to hold out superior inducements. Sunday's train brought eighteen of them, representing every conceivable line of goods.

A deaf mute heard for the first time in his life by using the telephone at the Merchants. The goon was struck, and the young man smote a smile of satisfaction upon hearing its sweet strains of music.

There was one arrival that was not affected by the blockade. It came two weeks ago yesterday a daughter to live at John A. Goss's weighing eight and one half pounds. The father is happy and the mother well.

Freight for the Black Hills is not delayed in this city. It is loaded and shipped within a few moments after its arrival via the N. P. The stage company are making the best time to the Hills ever known.

The Northern Pacific is pushing forward supplies for the extension as rapidly as possible. About ninety cars of supplies for Walker, Bellows & Co. have been crossed, and iron and ties for twenty miles more track.

Next Sunday is Easter Sunday. This is the first time in many years that this day comes in March. Five Sundays in February is the cause. Not many of the present generation will live to see a similar coincidence.

Chilstrom, the Mandan lawyer, was seen fishing in the streets of that town this week, where the water is several inches deep.

There are over 200 tons of government freight now at this point for upriver posts. Nearly all the government freight will be shipped via the Northern Pacific and Bismarck this season, statements in Sioux City papers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Lester Hollister, the great Incohone of the I. O. R. M. of Dakota, leaves for Green River in a few days to establish himself in the liquor trade. Lester's great personal popularity, and his position in the Order of Red Men assures him success.

As will be seen in another column a company has been formed in this city to be known as the "Dakota Tree Planting Company." The object of this company is to set out shade trees, etc., at the lowest possible expense, and should be encouraged by the citizens and farmers of this section.

E. H. Bly sent a car load of Baby Mine coal to the gas works, St. Paul, to-day. A test of the coal at the Sheridan House works proves it to be excellent for gas purposes. Mr. Clark, of Mandan, took some of this coal to New York and it was pronounced the best they have ever examined for making gas.

Mr. E. Schiffer, of Watertown, Wis. has opened a merchant tailoring establishment in the store on 4th St. recently occupied by Dan Eisenberg. He carries a full line of clothes, cassimeres, etc. Mr. S. is up in all the styles of his art, and should be well patronized, as he intends making Bismarck his permanent residence.

Michael Kelly, a steamboat man, was found dead in his bed at the landing Monday morning. He had been in the Marine hospital for some time past, but being discharged came back to work on the McCloud while yet in poor health. The Rivermen chipped in and gave him a good burial. An inquest was deemed unnecessary.

Miss Trixy Vernon, one of the best serio comic and character artists on the variety stage, will open at Whitney's

opera house Thursday next. Her wardrobe is said to be one of the finest in the west.

Andrew Dunn, an employee of the N. P. R. R., was frozen to death near 14th siding during the late cold weather; his body was brought in by the railroad company seventeen days after. Coroner Quinn took charge of the remains. The right name of the unfortunate man is said to have been Sharp, and hails from Albany, N. Y.

A large amount of wheat will be sown in Burleigh county this year, orders having already been given for several car loads of seed. This is the first ever sown in the county excepting a few quarts for samples, but there can be no doubt as to the result. Oats have been raised successfully since 1873. The first plowing, not to exceed a dozen acres, was done in 1873.

Mat Laib and one or two traveling men fell in the river near the Point one day this week. The team and wagon were taken out after considerable trouble. The horses were badly injured by the ice and if ever any one was scared it was the traveling men and Laib.

Five days' mail arrived from the east last night and this morning. There will be none to-night as there was no available rolling stock to send west from Fargo this morning.

The latest news will always be found in THE TRIBUNE, whether there is a night operator here or not. To-day the wires are down, but the news comes just the same.

A severe storm is prevailing throughout the northwest, with thunder, rain and occasional heavy flakes of snow, cutting off our afternoon dispatches.

The twin daughter of Robert Macnider is lying very low with an attack of brain fever, but there is reason this morning to hope for her recovery.

The Benton Record thinks there will be a spring stampede to the Judith basin mines.

J. W. Raymond & Co. have received two car-loads of Scotch life wheat.

McLean & Macnider have seed wheat.

For Catarrh. Marshall's prepared Cubeb cigarettes, at DUNN'S.

Choice Dairy Butter. At KUPITZ'

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is a mild corrective, and its purity and flavor are guaranteed.

Shoes, Shoes. At Dan Eisenberg's. Also a full line of spring Dress Goods.

Just Arrived. Ham, Shoulders, spiced roll, bacon and breakfast bacon at KUPITZ'

Seeds. Fresh Flower and Garden Seeds, at DUNN'S.

PIPES, MEERSCHAUMS and Briar Root at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

For Meat Tickets. Go to FORSTER'S, 3d St.

Will Arrive on Next Train. Littuce, Radishes, Onion, Rhabarb, at KUPITZ'

Carpets, Carpets, at DAN. EISENBERG'S.

Liebig's Food for Infants, at DUNN'S.

CIGARS AND PLUG TOBACCOS at wholesale at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Use the Improved Cubeb Cigarettes for Catarrh, sold at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Ladies' Fine Slippers. at DAN. EISENBERG'S.

PLAYING CARDS, stationary and blank books at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Board by the Day or Week, at FORSTER'S 3d st.

COMBS, BRUSHES, toilet articles, etc., at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Rubber Boots. Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

Perfumes and Toilet Articles, a fine assortment, at DUNN'S.

Misses' and Children's Shoes. At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

LAMPS AND SHADES, at cost at Hollembaek's.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as an Independent Candidate for the office of City Justice, and ask the citizens of Bismarck, irrespective of party, for their support, promising a faithful performance of the duties of the office if elected.

DAVID STEWART.
Bismarck, March, 25th, 1890.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The number for April is one of unusual attractiveness. Among the most notable articles are a charming German allegory, "The Maiden of the Winged Wheel"; a comprehensive article on the Mormons, by the Rev W. Fleming Stevenson, entitled "A City of Saints." It is profusely illustrated, as is likewise "Martin Luther," a biographical study, by A. H. Queney. There is a timely and appropriate article by M. E. W. S., entitled "Fashion and Faith," the subject of No. III. of "The Children of the Bible." is "Joseph the Dreamer." The department of fiction contains, besides the continuation of the popular serials, "Be-Bee, the Nihil-Maker's Daughter," and "Little Hinges," some exceedingly interesting stories by celebrated writers. There are poems of unusual merit; one by J. D. Burd, entitled "Baalbeck," with two views of the ancient city. "April," by the late Francis Ridley Havergal (duely illustrated), and the "Magnificent," a poem of the New Testament, by the Bishop of Derby, are excellent. Religious Notes and News at Home and Abroad, is a new and interesting feature. The illustrations number about 100. A single number is only 25 cents, and the annual subscription \$3, postpaid. Address Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

SEND FOR SHEET

of Specimen colors of my **INK EXTRACTS** BLACK, BLUE, VIOLET, GREEN and CARMINE. The first three colors 25c. for each packet; the last two colors 30c. for each packet. Each kind making one pint of fine ink. Whole set of 5 colors \$1.50 sent postpaid on receipt of order. Address W. H. NORTHROP, P. O. Box 24, Charleston, Vt.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

Wants.

WANTED—Two good girls for general work at the Northwestern Hotel, Mandan, D. T. Wages, \$16 per month. P. H. BYRNE.

WANTED—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang up" meal, to call at Bash & McBratney's Palace, Restaurant, Mandan, D. T.

WANTED. A girl to do general housework. Light work and a pleasant family. Enquire of W. H. STANBORN.

WANTED. A competent girl for general housework. The highest wages will be paid and steady employment for one thoroughly competent. Apply at Justus Bragg. 414f

For Sale.

FOR SALE—1,500 bushels potatoes. Apply at the Post-Trade's store, Fort Lincoln. 44f

FOR SALE—The saloon building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Building will also be rented. Apply to McLEAN & MACNIDER.

FOR SALE—A second hand platform spring wagon, nearly new. Wagon has just been repaired and will be sold at a bargain. Enquire of C. R. WILLIAMS.

FOR SALE—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 361f

FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Stille, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

FOR SALE—Choice hay in large quantities or by the ton. Enquire of J. W. RAYMOND.

FOR SALE or RENT—The Echart farm one mile and a half south of Bismarck, containing 160 acres. Also farm machinery. Apply to Wm. HANSON, Fort Lincoln, D. T.

For Rent.

FOR RENT—A large boarding-house, No. 20 Main street, Bismarck, in good repair, and enjoying a good trade. For terms apply to J. F. REARDON.

Lost.

LOST—A gold mounted fountain pen. A reward of one dollar will be paid for its return to THE TRIBUNE office.

Five Dollars Reward.—Lost, a lady's gold pocket, containing family pictures, and a lady's watch-chain. Finder please return the same to Mr. Bowles, at post office, and receive above reward.

Miscellaneous.

AUCTION—I will sell at public auction seven pair of mules and harness, and seven wagons. Also one span of horses and harness, on the 1st day of April, 1890, in front of the Merchants Hotel. Wm. McCRORY.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

FIRST-CLASS day Board at FORSTER'S, 3d St.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 28 1/2, Main street.

\$72 a week \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRAVE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth 25c free. Address STRIMON & Co. Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. C. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH kid side lace and buttoned boots, the neatest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERY, 414f, 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

POTATOES FOR SEED.

Louis Notemeyer, of this city, is offering for sale a choice article in the way of seed potatoes—the best and most profitable kind which can be grown. "D. M. Perry & Co." seed book says of this variety: "A new cross between the Early Rose and White Peach blow. It matures same time as the Early Rose, and is enormously productive—thirty-three bushels having been produced last season from one pound of seed. The flesh is much like the White Peachblow, being white, white grained, and of excellent flavor. In shape it resembles the Early Rose, while in color the red of the latter is deepened by the curving blotches of the former; the eyes are carmine, and but slightly sunken. This variety received a certificate of merit in London, 1875." These potatoes will be sold by Mr. Notemeyer for seventy-five cents per bushel. 421m

CORN FOR SEED.

J. W. Millett raised near Bismarck, last year, 100 bushels of corn from one acre of land. It is a twelve row variety—limit, of course—called "Campton's Early." It matured last year in about seventy days from planting. The ears are about ten to twelve inches long and are as well filled as any ever grown in Iowa or farther south. Mr. Millett can supply seed in any quantity. The corn can be seen at Champion Hall.

Returned.

Mr. D. F. Barry, the photographer, has returned from Fort Lincoln and will resume business at the old stand of O. S. Gosh, 18 Main street. Barry is one of the best in the country.

JEWELERS

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also Dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

P. O. CHILSTROM.

FRANK J. MEAD.

(CHILSTROM & MEAD—Attorneys at Law,

Mandan D. T.)

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SUITS. SUITS. SUITS.

Over Coats.

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Over Coats.

Made to Order at the

St. P. B. C. H.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LOUIS LARSON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Custom Boots and Shoes.

The Most Fashionable Shop in the West.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to

NO. 8 NORTH THIRD ST.,

BISMARCK, D. T.

LIVERY STABLE

SHERIDAN HOUSE

Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS

Hacks to all parts of the City. Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.

Office at the Sheridan House.

STOVELL & LAIB, Proprietors

TONIC

REED'S

GILT EDGE

TONIC

THOROUGH REMEDY

for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces which debilitate, it has no equal, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the fluted compound of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Tonic.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

MILLINERY

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR,

DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,

East Main Street.

First-Class Work Guaranteed.

TENTS AND AWNINGS

Tents, Tents, Tents.

TENTS.

AWNING AND TENT MAKER.

28 1/2 Main Street.

BISMARCK, - DAKOTA.

Prompt Attention to orders for new work or Repairs.

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers,

Tribune Block, 41 Main St

Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty.

DRY GOODS

Shoes, Shoes.

Just Received at

DAN EISENBERG'S

A FULL LINE OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

—Also a Complete Line of—

PRINTS AND DRESS GOODS

CALL AND SEE THEM

Main Street, Raymond's Brick Block

Bismarck, Dak.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

WM. A. HOLEMBAEK,

Wholesale Druggist

—DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS; TOILET ARTICLES

AND PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Also White Lead, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

BISMARCK, D. T.

DUNN & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

HARDWARE

D. I. BAILEY.

J. B. BAILEY.

D. I. BAILEY & CO.

DEALERS IN GENERAL

-HARDWARE-